

The Listener

and

B.B.C. Television Review

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A Visit to the Guggenheim

By Quentin Bell

Implied Terms in a Contract

By A. L. Goodhart

Faith of a Humanist

By Sir Julian Huxley

Social Change and Revolution

By Peter Laslett

The Two Voices of Andrew Marvell

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Approach of Burnham's Comet

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Tibor Dery and Freedom for Writers

By J. B. Priestley

Science anti-Science

By Magnus Pyke

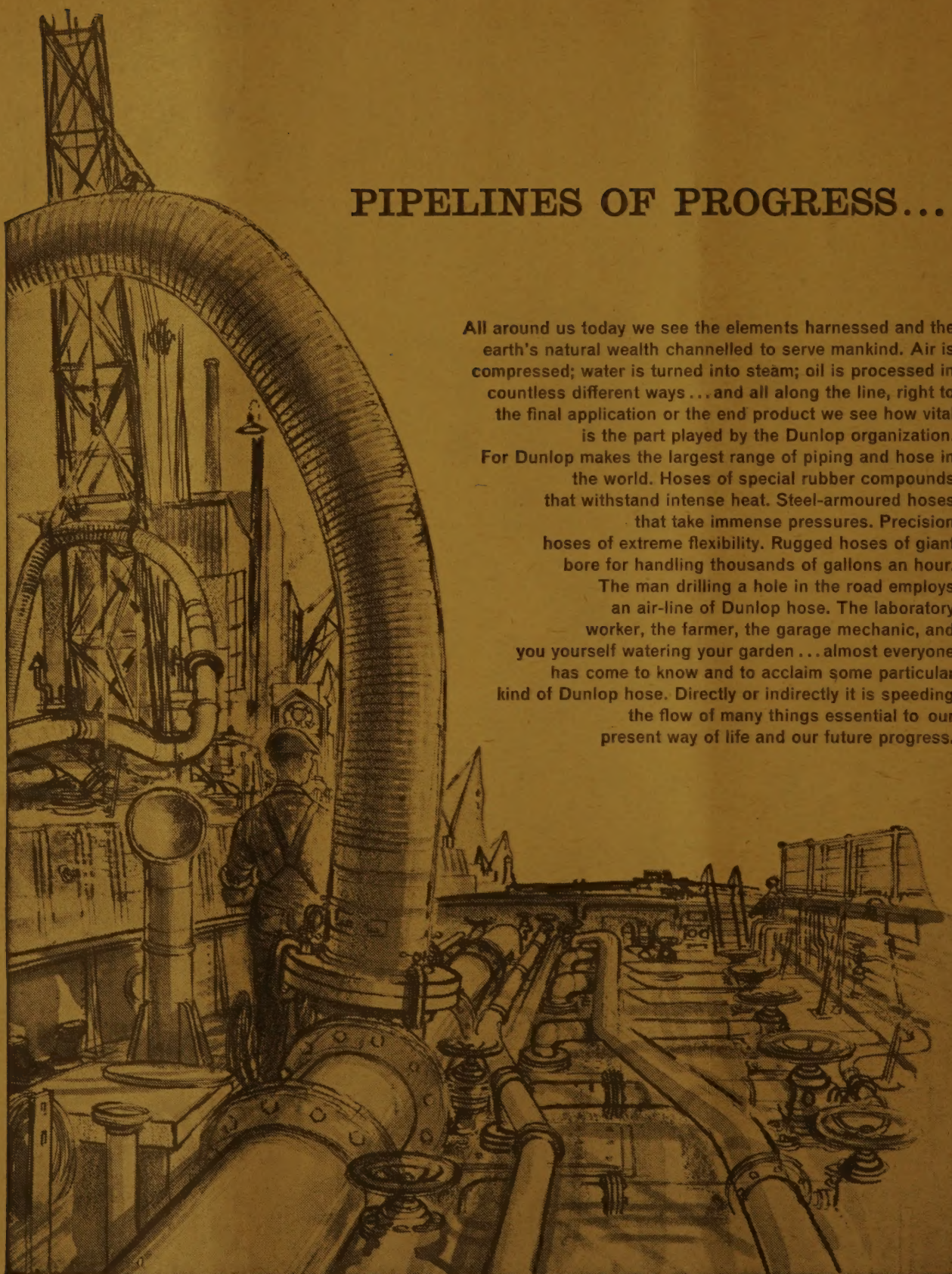
Ground floor of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York, showing in the background the beginning of the ramp leading to higher floors

PIPELINES OF PROGRESS...

All around us today we see the elements harnessed and the earth's natural wealth channelled to serve mankind. Air is compressed; water is turned into steam; oil is processed in countless different ways... and all along the line, right to the final application or the end product we see how vital is the part played by the Dunlop organization.

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The Listener

Vol. LXIII. No. 1621

Thursday April 21 1960

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The Coming Summit Conference

By THOMAS BARMAN, B.B.C. diplomatic correspondent

I FIND it hard to muster a vast quantity of enthusiasm for that summit conference we have heard so much about during the past twelve months or so. These meetings at the highest level between Heads of Government and their attendant Ministers, officials, and experts, accompanied by flocks of reporters, cameramen, and technicians, do not normally yield any tangible results. There is not enough time for that detailed discussion that is essential if agreement is to be reached on any topic, important or unimportant. Those who like to think in grand and global terms, and who argue that agreements are always possible with a little give and take on both sides, are apt to overlook that a global problem is only an accumulation of detail, and that the details are often other people's problems, people who are not represented at the conference. So a global deal is possible only at the expense of absent friends; and, in any case, it is obvious that Presidents and Prime Ministers who are responsible for the broad principles of national policy are not accustomed to discussing the details of complicated international problems.

Of course all summit conferences are not a waste of time. On the contrary, I am sure that they can be very useful indeed, in so far as they can help the head of one particular government to sympathize with another government's point of view, and to understand the internal pressures that have helped to fashion a foreign policy he does not approve of. After all, we have not yet found a satisfactory method of international consultation to take the place of that freemasonry of kings and emperors that flourished until the early part of the present century.

The pomposity and gold braid of some of those meetings had a slightly comic air about them, I suppose; but those chats among royal uncles and royal cousins at some fashionable watering place on the continent of Europe did help to take the sting out of many international arguments. And I imagine that if you could have a series of summit conferences on those lines, a sort of armchair diplomacy that would be entirely non-committal and informal, then you would have achieved something that was well worth while. It would be necessary, of course, to exclude the public relations officers, the advertising agents, and the reporters who now feed upon the carcass of the diplomacy that died in 1914.

It seems to me that if a conference of Heads of Government is to achieve any practical result, apart from this general idea of getting acquainted, then the participants should meet with the firm intention to agree upon a series of general instructions to their subordinates to carry out one or more specific tasks. That was the general pattern of the summit conference that was held in Geneva in the summer of 1955. As we all know, that is not how things turned out: when the Foreign Ministers came together in the autumn of the same year they were even unable to agree upon how their instructions were to be interpreted.

Alternatively, the Heads of Government might meet in order to sign an agreement that had already been arrived at. It was in those circumstances that the Foreign Ministers attended a conference in Vienna in the spring of 1955, for the purpose of signing the Austrian State Treaty, on which their experts had worked for six years or more.

It is possible, I suppose, that this conference of Heads of Government could put new life into the Disarmament Conference, and that those debates in Geneva that have gone on for so long, without any visible result, might take a new and more hopeful turn some time during the summer. It is difficult to see that progress can be made in any other field. Still, I do not want to go through all the items of a possible agenda at this stage: we shall have to wait and see.

It is perhaps worth pointing out that some people believe that the best hopes of coming to some kind of agreement are to be found in the field of East-West relations. Mr. Selwyn Lloyd is credited with the idea of wanting to work out a set of rules for good conduct in international affairs, rules that would put an end to the kind of anti-Western propaganda that still pours out of Moscow, and is directed particularly at the peoples of Asia and Africa. This raises an important point, a point to which that distinguished historian, Mr. George Kennan, has drawn attention. He observes that if the Soviet leaders really believe their own propaganda, with all its fiercely hostile comments on the West in general and on the United States in particular, then they would be fools to come to any kind of agreement with the West, since it must be obvious from Soviet propaganda that no Western government can possibly be trusted.

If, on the other hand, the Russian leaders do not take their own propaganda at its face value, if they are pumping out those

poisonous lies in order to condition their own people, how then can the West have any faith in the Soviet Government? This is a point that might well be explored with Mr. Khrushchev. If it were to be put down as the first item on the agenda, then it might at least clear the air, and make it easier to discuss other, and even more difficult, problems in comparatively realistic terms. At least, that is how the argument goes.

Mr. Khrushchev's attitude to this question of propaganda could well be the same as Stalin's was. For the problem was raised some years ago, in 1947, at the time of the Four Power Conference in Moscow. Mr. Bevin, at the time, discussed a possible improvement in the terms of the Anglo-Soviet Alliance. The Russians wanted a new article to go into the treaty, an article dealing with propaganda. If Mr. Bevin had accepted it, it would have committed the British Government to the introduction of some form of press censorship in this country so as to prevent the publication of any kind of news or information critical of the Soviet Government or its policy. In the event, of course, it all came to nothing.

However, many things have changed since Stalin's day; and perhaps Mr. Khrushchev, who has spoken so often of the importance of increasing contacts between peoples, may now be willing, as a first step towards international understanding, to take the poison out of the flow of Soviet propaganda.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Afrikaner Nationalism and World Opinion

By PETER FLINN, B.B.C. correspondent in South Africa

PEOPLE in Britain are wrong if they suppose that the Government of South Africa and their supporters are wincing under overseas criticism. The Afrikaner Nationalists—1,500,000 of them—who rule this country of 14,000,000, are indignant, indeed exasperated. For nearly three centuries they have been bent over their affairs: the preservation of their Calvinist Church; the establishment of the Afrikaans language which they developed from their forefathers' Dutch; the planning of the Republic State. This myopia has excluded from their view the vast social and industrial changes in what South Africans themselves call 'the outside world'.

The Struggle Already Won

Indeed, only few Afrikaners realize that they have already won their struggle; that the Afrikaans language is established; that Western countries today regard churches as places where men may freely worship, not strongholds of the state; and that in the Commonwealth of Nations no one stops to question the right of South Africa to become a republic—tomorrow, if she wishes.

So preoccupied have they been with principles vital to them that they felt the future of the black man was a secondary consideration, with ample time for its disposal. Before the recent disturbances the Nationalists gave themselves until the end of the century to reach the half-way mark in an impracticable plan to separate black and white. Dr. Verwoerd himself said the main thing was to set a goal, and the Nationalists expected that the African would live on the hope of governing himself in some homeland yet to be created and, while waiting, would labour—generation after generation—in obedience to the white man's laws.

During the past months the Africans have said that they will not, and the world has said that they should not, accept this servitude, which exasperates the Afrikaner Nationalist; exasperates also many of the other half of the white population—the English-speaking opposition, which, it must be remembered, is led by Opposition Afrikaners. For the Afrikaner Nationalists have achieved their domination through much acquiescence from the Opposition. The great parliamentary contradiction of the past three weeks has been the agreement between the United Party and the Nationalists that the Government must have full

powers to deal with the emergency, while the House has gone on quietly with its usual business—railways, water undertakings, Wool Board—as if no emergency existed.

In the past, acquiescence has come from other quarters than the official Opposition. The Nationalist asks: Why this change of heart from Britain's Conservatives, who have been investing their capital here for years, drawing their dividends, well knowing that the black miners who dig up the gold for 5s. a day are forbidden by law to strike or form a trade union? They ask: Why should British crowds boycott our cricketers when they have known for years we do not compete with blacks? They ask: Why does the British Government abstain from voting against this at the United Nations as they have always done, and then attack our policy from Westminster? Why should the Anglican Archbishop of Cape Town, who has been conferring with our Church leaders over the past two years, now decide that conciliation may be mistaken for approval and demand that the Dutch Reform Churches—the spiritual core of Afrikanerdom—condemn the Afrikaners' own government?

The Afrikaner and Race Problems

In exasperation the Afrikaner Nationalist asks what sudden new knowledge these people could have acquired—indeed how these people could possibly know more about race problems than he, who has been dealing with them all his life? He sees no need to study solutions being tried in the outside world—the partnership principle in the Rhodesian Federation; the multi-racial state in Malaya; integration in America—because, as he maintains, for the past 300 years the basic struggle is for the preservation of the Afrikaner people. This is the view of the elderly men who form South Africa's cabinet today, nearly all of them born in the nineteenth century. It is the view of their leader—absent, but still a great mental power. It is the view of the working-class Afrikaner, the voting masses.

Firm pressure from the outside may help to bring them up to date, but the most potent movement is fermenting inside South Africa, among the Africans who have realized that labour is power, and among the few Nationalists and small opposition groups whose eyes have been opened to the same realization.

—'From Our Own Correspondent' (Home Service)

Tibor Dery and Freedom for Writers

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

IT is good news that at last the distinguished Hungarian writer, Tibor Dery, is being released from prison. Almost every writer of importance in Western Europe has signed protest after protest against Dery's imprisonment. By keeping him in prison the Hungarian Government built a wall between itself and these writers of Western Europe; and now some of that wall is down, and there is a greater chance of understanding between the people on either side of it. Every Hungarian in the world—except the blackest fanatics, left or right—feels better today because Tibor Dery is enjoying, or will soon enjoy, the taste of freedom.

Runners in Chains

The mistake now made by many governments is to think that they can have literature without writers having freedom. This, in my opinion, is not possible. If a country loaded its Olympic Games runners with heavy chains, and then imagined that these runners could win prizes, we should denounce this as sheer imbecility. Yet something like this happens with writers and literature. And just as a runner cannot run properly when he is wearing heavy chains, so a writer cannot write properly if he is constantly being told what to say and what not to say. If political leaders think they know more about writing novels, plays, poetry, criticism than writers do, then they should take some time off from their political life to prove it—and produce some literary masterpieces for us all to enjoy. If they cannot do this—and if they still want their countries to create literature—then they should stop telling writers what to say and what not to say. And if they do not care about literature at all, then they should tell the world they do not, and stop pretending that they do.

It is very difficult to create literature even under the most favourable conditions, but when these conditions are anything but favourable, because writers are compelled to obey all manner of political and official rules and regulations, then the creation of literature is impossible. If Shakespeare and Cervantes had worked under the instructions of the ministers of Elizabeth I and Philip II, they would have left us no *Hamlet*, no *Don Quixote*.

Voltaire entertained and enlightened the eighteenth century not because he obeyed authority but because he rebelled against it and mocked it. If Turgenev, Dostoyevsky, and Tolstoy had written to please the Tsar and his ministers, they would not have created masterpieces that we still read with pleasure, excitement, and profit to our minds. If the literary careers of Shaw and Wells had been planned by Lord Salisbury and Joseph Chamberlain, then Shaw and Wells would now be forgotten.

Good writers cannot be fitted into a narrow, oppressive, totalitarian system. There is no mystery about this. It is quite simple: good writers are naturally critical, naturally rebellious; if they were not, then they would not be good writers. Any government that imagines itself to be so perfect that it does not allow any criticism of itself has said goodbye to literature. It is as simple as that. Of course good writers, even great writers, may be wrong in their opinions and judgments; but if so it should be left to events, to history, to prove them wrong. But officials, whose minds are much smaller and less adventurous than those of good writers, cannot be given the task of correcting the minds of such writers. And literature worthy of the name cannot be created by writers who feel they are using only half their minds, who have to keep thinking about the censor or the secret police.

Literature and the Rebel

So far as the established order, the official political world, are concerned, the good writer must always be something of a rebel. He always has been, he always will be. Literature never comes out of subservience and conformity. Its works have to be conceived and produced in freedom, not in bondage. If governments will not allow this freedom to their writers, then the countries they govern will have no literature. And to drive away literature, which has long been the inspiration and solace of European man, cannot be part of the duty of any government. Let the writer be free, to create in freedom. And with these final words, I send the greetings and good wishes of all English writers to our colleague, Tibor Dery of Hungary.

—European Services

Implied Terms in a Contract

By A. L. GOODHART

THERE is an old proverb that 'speech is silvern but silence is golden' which parents delight in repeating to their children when they chatter too much. That may be true in the home but in the kind of law that I am about to discuss silence may be golden only for the lawyers, and it may prove very expensive for everyone else. Thus many of the disputes which arise between the parties to a contract, and which may lead eventually to a battle in the courts, are due to the fact that there is no specific provision in the agreement that covers the situation that has unexpectedly arisen. Take this example: X employs Y at £15 a week. Most of the terms relating to the employment are carefully stated in the written agreement but nothing is said in it concerning illness. If thereafter Y is prevented from working for two months owing to illness is X, his employer, entitled to cancel the contract or must he keep it open until Y is able to return? Must X pay Y's salary while he is away ill?

The judge will have to answer these questions if there is a law case, but he will not find the answer to them in the contract

itself because this situation did not occur to the parties when they entered into their agreement. Take another case: X agrees to pay Y £10 to drive him from London to Oxford. Owing to an unprecedented storm the roads are flooded when they arrive at Henley and the car cannot get through. Must X pay the whole or part of the £10 to Y or must Y suffer all the loss, as he has not been able to complete his part of the contract?

In all of such cases the judge must find an answer. But how can he do so if the contract is silent on the point? He does so by implying a term which, in theory, the parties would have included in the contract if they had thought of the point when they entered into it. This sounds comparatively simple, but it is not easy in some cases for the judge to know with any certainty what the parties would have agreed concerning a situation which never occurred to them. The judge therefore approaches the question from the standpoint of the reasonable man: what terms would a reasonable man in the circumstances have regarded as an obvious part of the contract? In some cases the task has been made easier for him by parliament which has provided that a special term

must be implied in contracts of a particular kind; and in other cases he can rely on rules established by the judges, but the problem is rarely a simple one. The number of recent cases on this point such as *Lister v. Romford Ice Co. Ltd.*¹ in 1957 and *Sleafer v. Lambeth Borough Council*², reported only a few months ago, shows that in the complicated and changing conditions of modern life it has become more difficult to state our legal relations in precise terms, and therefore the more necessary for the judge to fill the gaps.

Implied Terms Established by Parliament

These implied terms can be divided into three classes. The first class consists of implied terms which have been established by parliament in various statutes. The advantage of having such an implied term formulated in a statute is that it is unnecessary for a litigant to convince the judge that it is reasonable for him to make such an implication; the judge is bound to reach this conclusion because the statute says so.

Probably the most important of these statutory implied terms are found in the Sale of Goods Act, 1893, which Mr. Diamond discussed in his recent talk on *Guarantees and the Buyer's Rights*³.

Such implied terms are found in a large number of other statutes, such as the Law Reform (Frustrated Contracts) Act, 1943. Of particular interest are some of the recent Acts which are designed to protect 'the small man'. One of these is the Hire-Purchase Act, 1954, which has done something to remedy certain abuses which had developed in this new commercial field. Another is section 6 of the Housing Act 1957. This provides that on the letting of a small house at a low rental, the landlord implied by promises that the house is and will be kept by the landlord during the tenancy fit for human habitation. There is no way in which the landlord can escape from this promise by means of a contrary express stipulation in the contract. It is possible that this new method of protecting members of the public, who may not be capable of protecting themselves, may develop in the future.

The second class of implied terms have been established by the judges and not by parliament. They are found in the cases that have been tried in the courts. They are created whenever the courts hold that in certain general circumstances a particular term will be implied when construing a contract. There are various different grounds on which the courts have reached such a conclusion: general custom, a particular trade practice such as, for example, the rules relating to contracts made by stockbrokers, architects, and solicitors, and—most difficult to establish—reason and justice.

A striking illustration of this last category is *Lister v. Romford Ice Co. Ltd.*, to which I have already referred. This case involved not one but two implied terms. The first was whether in a contract of employment there is an implied promise by the employee that he will perform his duties with proper care. The House of Lords held that there was such an implied term. The second question was whether an employer who engages a man to drive a lorry, impliedly promises that he will insure the driver against liability for an accident caused by the driver's own negligence. The House of Lords, by a majority of three to two, refused to imply such a term.

A Striking Illustration

The third class of implied term—and by far the most interesting from the lawyer's standpoint—covers those which are not found in any statute or in any general principle recognized by the courts, but must be based on the facts of the particular case. It is then necessary for the judge to decide whether a particular term ought to be implied so as to cover an alleged gap in a particular agreement. A striking illustration of this is found in *Sleafer v. Lambeth Borough Council*⁴.

The plaintiff was the tenant of a council flat held on a weekly tenancy. In the past such a tenancy agreement, which runs only from week to week, might well have been an oral one, but under modern conditions what is in theory a tenancy that can be ended in a few days, has in practice become a more or less permanent one, and the agreement is, therefore, usually put into writing. In this case the lease was a lengthy one. It provided, among other

things, that the tenant would not do any decorative or other work to any part of the flat without the council's consent in writing. Apparently some previous tenants had had an affection for lurid colours. It also provided that the council was at liberty to inspect the state of repair of the flat and to execute any necessary repairs.

Three years after Mr. Sleafer took the flat he did some painting to the external door. When the council's Director of Housing heard of this he wrote to Mr. Sleafer warning him that tenants must not carry out decorations without applying for permission. A few months later Mr. Sleafer's front door jammed so that it became very difficult to close it. There was some question whether Mr. Sleafer had given notice of this to the council, but at the trial Mr. Justice Glyn-Jones found that a complaint had been made at the rent-collector's office. Nothing, however, was done, and a month later when the plaintiff was leaving his flat the door jammed again. He gave the handle a violent tug so that it broke, and he fell backward severely injuring himself against an iron balustrade. For these injuries he brought an action against the council on the ground that the cause of the accident had been its failure to perform its contractual duty to repair the door.

At the trial it was not possible for Mr. Sleafer to argue with any hope of success that the council had been bound by an express term to repair the door, because all that the lease provided was that it had the right to execute any necessary repairs. No method of interpretation could alter such a right into a binding duty. His hope therefore lay in persuading the court to find an implied term which bound the council to keep the door in proper repair.

What the Judge Must Consider

This brings us to the heart of the problem: what circumstances will a judge take into consideration in deciding whether a term should be implied? It is clear that as a general rule the English courts are very hesitant to imply an additional term in a contract which will place a heavier liability on the promisor than is expressed by the precise words that have been used. The principle is that if a man has promised to perform X, it is not fair to him to say: 'It is true that you have only promised to perform X, but we think that it is reasonable for you to perform X plus one. We shall, therefore, increase your liability by implying this additional term'. This would be contrary to the rule that the judges are not prepared to make a contract for the parties, however reasonable this might be.

But—and this is most important—if this rule were applied in an absolute manner it would lead to grave hardship in those cases where a self-evident provision has not been set out in specific words in the written contract. This happens not infrequently, because the more self-evident a term may be, the more likely is it that it may be overlooked. It was Sherlock Holmes who said that if you wished to conceal a thing the best plan was to place it in an obvious position where other persons would fail to notice it. Thus a draftsman may fail to include an essential term just because it is so obvious.

The courts have therefore been prepared, in certain cases, to imply terms which ought to have been included in a contract, but it is not easy to state with precision the grounds on which they will do so. The most frequently cited statement on this branch of the law was that made by Lord Justice Bowen in the famous case entitled the 'Moorcock'⁵. The defendants, who owned a wharf, entered into contract with the plaintiff that his steamship, the 'Moorcock', should be unloaded there. When the tide ebbed the ship grounded on the river-bed, as was expected, but she received unexpected damage from an unusually hard ridge in the mud. The Court of Appeal held that the defendants were liable on the ground that a term must be implied in the contract that the berth was reasonably safe for the purpose of loading and unloading. In his judgment Lord Justice Bowen said⁶:

I believe that if one were to take all the cases, and there are many, of implied warranties or covenants in law, it will be found that in all of them the law is raising an implication from the presumed intention of the parties with the object of giving to the transaction such efficacy as both parties must have intended that at all events it should have.

¹ [1957] A.C. 555

² [1960] 1 Q.B. 43

³ THE LISTENER, March 31, 1960, page 571

⁴ supra n.2

⁵ [1889] 14 P.D. 64

⁶ at page 68

This famous statement has given rise to a heated controversy which has not yet been completely settled. What is meant by giving efficacy, especially business efficacy, to a transaction? At first the courts were inclined to imply a term in a contract whenever they regarded it as reasonable, and were of the opinion that the contracting parties ought to have included it. This came perilously close to making a contract for the parties which the English courts have always studiously avoided. As a result a reaction set in against so broad a principle, and, by efficacy is now meant a term which is required if the agreement is to make sense having regard to the circumstances. In other words, a term will not be implied, however reasonable it may be, unless it is clear that, at the time when the contract was entered into, both parties would have put the term into writing if they had noticed that it had been omitted. The classic statement is the one made by Lord Justice MacKinnon in *Shirlaw v. Southern Foundries Ltd.*⁷ He said:

Prima facie that which in any contract is left to be implied and need not be expressed is something so obvious that it goes without saying; so that, if, while the parties were making their bargain, an officious bystander were to suggest some express provision for it in their agreement, they would testily suppress him with a common 'Oh, of course!'

This is popularly known as the 'of course' doctrine. It would, at first sight, seem to give us an absolute, incontrovertible test because as all judges must be reasonable men it follows that all of them must, without the least difficulty, recognize 'something so obvious that it goes without saying'. Alas for human fallibility. In the very *Shirlaw* case in which the 'of course' doctrine was declared, two of the Lords Justice thought that the implied term was so obvious that no reasonable man could fail to recognize it, while Sir Wilfrid Green, the Master of the Rolls, who was in a minority, not only failed to recognize it but regarded it as clearly unjustifiable. Nor was this all, because when the case finally reached the House of Lords⁸, their Lordships divided three to two on what a reasonable man would recognize. This shows how dangerous it may be to speak with undue confidence concerning any case in which the problem of an implied term is raised.

When we return to the *Sleafer* case can we say that although there was no specific term in the contract which bound the council to repair the door, nevertheless such a term ought to be implied because the council would have said 'of course!' if the point had been raised when Mr. *Sleafer* signed the contract? There is much to be said for such a conclusion. Such a term would be a reasonable one because it seems unfair that a tenant from week to week should be bound to make repairs which might be expensive. Parliament had recognized this when it enacted the provision in the Housing Act, 1957, relating to small houses. Why should the judges not recognize a similar provision when dealing with small flats? Moreover, the council, it was said, had itself recognized the reasonableness of such a provision because it had itself made such repairs in the past.

Finally, there was the provision in the contract that the tenant could not make any repairs without obtaining the council's permission in writing. If the council had the right to refuse such permission to the tenant, and at the same time it was under no duty to make the repairs itself, then the flat might become unfit for human habitation and the tenant could do nothing about it. It was therefore argued that a term must be implied so as to give business efficacy to the tenancy agreement.

These arguments are persuasive, but the answers seem to be even more compelling. The fact that parliament had made a special provision concerning small houses showed that no such provision had previously been recognized. It would be an improper exercise of the legislative function if the judges were to extend this new provision to cover flats let at a low rent. Nor had the council recognized the existence of such an implied term by making some of the repairs itself; generosity must not be mistaken for recognition, and a good landlord may do much that he is not legally bound to do, partly because he is a good landlord, and partly to preserve his own property. Finally, in regard to the clause requiring the council's permission before any repairs could be done the council was prepared to concede that a term must be implied to give efficacy to the contract, but the term it suggested

differed from that relied on by Mr. *Sleafer*: its implied term was that the council's consent to repairs would not be unreasonably withheld.

The Court of Appeal, which was convinced by these arguments, reached the conclusion that Mr. Justice Glyn-Jones had been correct in dismissing the plaintiff's action. It did so, however, with hesitation and regret. Lord Justice Morris said: 'It was a most unfortunate mischance and no one can fail to be sorry for the plaintiff. But I am not persuaded that the liability in law attaches to the landlords'. I believe that most laymen will agree with this legal conclusion. When Mr. *Sleafer* gave the handle a violent pull the risk that it might break off fell on him because the council had not promised to keep the door in repair nor had it led him to believe that it had done so.

This raises the question whether the present principles are satisfactory. Ought the law relating to implied terms be so strict? Where there is doubt concerning the construction of a contract ought not the judges to imply a term that is reasonable and which leads to a fair result? Against this it must be said that the primary function of the law is to enforce the agreement entered into by the parties, even though they might have made a different one if they had been more percipient. It is no longer the fashion to refer to the sanctity of contract, but there is still something to be said for the traditional view of the English law. A general power to revise contracts to make them more reasonable might do justice in individual cases, but only at the price of uncertainty and therefore of a vast increase in litigation; and that would indeed be a heavy price to pay.—*Third Programme*

Mr. Lionel Daiches is an Edinburgh advocate who has been to the U.S.S.R. His object in going there, with a small party of visitors, was to see for himself what the administration of justice is like in Russia today, and he has published his impressions in *Russians at Law* (Michael Joseph, 21s.). Since he knows little or no Russian, and was therefore dependent on the official arrangements made for him, it came about in the end that all he saw of the law was the inside of two law courts and of one prison. He also had several conversations with two Soviet lawyers who are fluent English speakers, and who have both paid visits to this country.

Mr. Daiches does not pretend that his fleeting glimpse of the changing face of the law in the Soviet Union is exhaustive, and records his impressions with modest caution and reservations. He was favourably impressed by the little he saw and by what he heard, and particularly by the sincere desire to improve an admittedly bad state of affairs on the part of the enlightened members of the legal profession. His impression is not very different from that formed by more practised students of the Soviet scene. But those who are more familiar than Mr. Daiches with Soviet society would, I think, stress rather more than he has the difficulties that beset these relatively enlightened lawyers, which they would naturally be reluctant to mention: a tradition of forty years' lawlessness, and a Communist Party very jealous of its arbitrary powers.

Only a small part of this book—though through no fault of Mr. Daiches—deals with law. For the rest, it is a somewhat humdrum tourist's account of familiar experiences—there are no bath plugs in Soviet bathrooms, the people are very friendly and sincerely anxious for peace, and only the *Daily Worker* is obtainable on the news-stands.

LEONARD SCHAPIRO

THE LISTENER

next week will include

'Memories of Marcel Proust'
by Marie Riefstahl-Nordlinger

'Conyers Read and Historical Biography'
by Joel Hurstfield

and

'Fishes like Birds'
by A. J. Marshall

The Listener



BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1960

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A Question of Terms

IN a booklet* written by the American historian, Conyers Read, who died recently, he spoke of Sir Thomas Smith's *De republica Anglorum* which was published in 1583 and contains a sensible survey of Elizabethan England, such as one might expect from a statesman, diplomatist and lawyer. Smith says Conyers Read, 'recognized and accepted a society of classes'—classes which in fact he specified and described. At the end of the seventeenth century Gregory King, one of the earliest statisticians, set out in tabular form a well-known list of all the classes in England, stretching from lords to vagrants. Distinguished historians, ranging from Professor R. H. Tawney, the doyen of our economic historians, to the present Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, have investigated the history of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in terms of class. Professor Habakkuk at Oxford University once stated that the rise of the squirearchy had become the 'organizing concept' in the history of that time. And the history of the House of Commons has been discussed frequently in terms of a growing 'middle class' which during the English Civil Wars overthrew the monarchy and the House of Lords.

Now along comes a rising Cambridge historian, Mr. Peter Laslett, who has been giving his views about social and political life in the seventeenth century to listeners to the Third Programme in three talks, which it has been our privilege to publish. In his first talk he said: 'I hope to show that there was no middle class in Stuart England'. In his second talk he observed:

There was only one class in this society, the class of the gentry and above: therefore there was no middle class, no working class; therefore also class conflict was an impossibility.

In that talk he also explained that the aristocracy was in a 'grade' above the mere gentry; and he allowed that the gentry might move sideways as well as upwards or downwards. For it was 'very easy for individuals to pass from the manor house to the city and back'. That was the grouping that other historians have usually called the 'middle classes'. To them in fact might be added the professional group of the time—such as the society physicians and practising lawyers who came to the fore in the seventeenth century and might or might not ultimately become landed gentry.

Professor J. H. Hexter has before Mr. Laslett questioned the theory of a 'middle class' (he was the inventor of a 'middle party' to which, he said, John Pym belonged) and he also attacked, along the lines of Victorian liberalism, the concepts of 'rising' or 'falling' gentry. Undoubtedly all these historians are having a wonderful time, letting off squibs or treading in the footsteps of Thomas Hobbes, who loved to play with definitions. Only one thing seems clear to the less erudite: that is, that a number of men who actually lived in that period—like Smith and William Harrison, Clarendon and Baxter, Petty and Gregory King—thought they saw very distinct divisions in their society—a society that contained both immensely rich men and a great many who lived below the level of subsistence. Whether we should call such divisions classes or grades or groups or statuses can be left to our experts at the ancient universities. That is the world we have lost. All one may venture to add is that there are still classes in the world we have found.

What They Are Saying

Roosevelt, Chinese novels, and La Passionaria

THE ANNIVERSARY of Franklin Roosevelt's death was made the occasion for numerous commentaries from Communist radio stations, recalling and extolling Roosevelt's sponsorship of Soviet-American 'co-operation and fellowship'. A talk on Moscow home service lamented that Roosevelt's foreign policy 'was not continued after his death'. Luckily for mankind, went on the Soviet commentator, the powerful camp of socialism, led by the Soviet Union, halted the drift from peace towards war, and he continued:

The policy from a position of strength suffered a cruel defeat; the ice of the cold war began to melt, a thaw set in in the international climate. And now the summit conference is on the agenda, a conference called to search for means for the peaceful settlement of the disputed and unsettled questions. Roosevelt, favouring peaceful international co-operation, attached the greatest importance to co-operation between the Soviet Union and the U.S.A.

A Polish transmission quoted the newspaper, *Trybuna Ludu*, for the following comment:

President Roosevelt belonged to those eminent Western statesmen who, in the face of the Nazi barbarity threatening the world, understood the necessity to overcome anti-Communist prejudices and to set up a broad front against the aggressors.

Chinese Communist transmissions reported the speech of the Minister of Culture at the Chinese People's Congress, Literature and art had, the Minister said, reached a high peak, in both quantity and quality, in China. For instance, the following lengthy novels, published in recent years, had all been successful: *Red Flag Rhymes*, *Song of Spring*, *Steel Smelting*, *Great Changes of Mountains and Villages*, *History of Building and Enterprise*, *Flower of Bitter Vegetable*, *Burning Steel*, *Smooth Sailing*, and *Fire on the Grass Plain*. The new musical plays, *Red Sun over the Ko Mountain*, *Hung Hu-che Brigade*, *Spring Thunder*, and *Two Generations*, had symbolized a great success in development.

The 'Liberation' station, Radio Independent Spain, broadcast a message to the Spanish people, which it said had been sent from Moscow, by Dolores Ibarruri (La Passionaria, the famous Communist woman fighter in the Spanish Civil War). The message denounced the 'violence used by General Franco's police' against Spaniards who had lately been repatriated from the Soviet Union, where they had been since their childhood during the Civil War:

With Machiavellian hypocrisy the Franco authorities assert that they have spent millions of pesetas to provide accommodation for the repatriates from the Soviet Union. They spent it on moving them from all the places in Spain where they had settled to the police-centre in Madrid, where, for days and days, and sometimes for weeks, the repatriates were questioned by Spanish and foreign police agents about Soviet factories and their production.

The 'Voice of the Algerian Republic', broadcasting from Tunis in Arabic, indicated that the Muslim Nationalist leaders attach considerable importance to the attitude of world opinion, at the present juncture, towards the struggle in Algeria. The broadcaster commented as follows:

French political circles, as usual, are trying to make the Algerian government appear as if it does not care about world opinion. This is not new. French official circles have for long been trying to mislead the whole world regarding the Algerian question. De Gaulle's audacious statements are the main factor hindering any peaceful settlement and it is we who revealed his true intentions to world opinion.

Another 'Voice of the Algerian Republic' transmission, from Cairo, accused the French Government of executing Algerian prisoners of war, contrary to the Geneva Convention, using the pretext that this was not an international war. France herself had internationalized the Algerian war, said the commentator, when she allowed the Nato Powers to intervene, and when President de Gaulle discussed it with President Eisenhower, Mr. Khrushchev, and other leaders.

—Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service
DERRICK SINGTON

* *The Government of England under Elizabeth* published by the Folger Shakespeare Library, Washington, 1960.

Did You Hear That?

THREE CENTURIES OF YACHTING

'It is just about 300 years since the word "yacht" first came into the English language', said ERNLE BRADFORD in 'Today' (Home Service). 'With the sailing season just beginning, and with boats fitting out all over the country, it seems a good moment to recall how it all began.

'It was in 1660 that the Dutch presented King Charles II with a private sailing boat called the "Mary". Pleasure boats had been known before King Charles's time—there is a record of one having been built at Cowes in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I—but "yachts" as such were something new. The word itself is Dutch and means a hunting vessel or a swift ship. It comes from "jaeger"—a huntsman.

'King Charles was fond of sailing, and other members of his court soon followed his lead. He even designed a twenty-five-ton yacht himself. She was called the "Jamie" and was built at Lambeth in 1662—the year in which we find the first record of a yacht race in England. King Charles matched his own design of English-built yacht against a Dutch boat owned and sailed by the Duke of York. The race was held on the Thames, from Greenwich to Gravesend and back, for a wager of £100. King Charles's "Jamie" won the race, with the King himself taking the tiller for part of the way—the first record, incidentally, of an amateur helmsman, and a royal one at that.

'The last century, however, saw the beginning of yacht racing as we know it today. George IV and Queen Victoria both took a keen interest in their yachts and frequently visited Cowes. Many races were run under the auspices of the Royal Yacht Squadron; and a wealth of history is to be found in tracing the adventures of some of the famous yachts and the races they won. The "America", for instance, which won the match at Cowes for the famous challenge cup in 1851 was later sold for £4,000. She eventually became a blockade runner in the American Civil War, where she was sailed under the name of "Memphis".

'No doubt this year some race will be described as "fought to a finish". But in the early days some of them literally were. There was a famous race between Mr. Assheton-Smith's "Menai", Mr. Weld's "Lulworth" and Lord Belfast's "Louisa". The three yachts had raced against each other before, and neither the owners nor crews were on the best of terms. The "Menai" ran aground



The 'America' winning the famous match at Cowes for the Royal Yacht Club Cup on August 22, 1851

early on, but the "Lulworth" and the "Louisa" kept level tacking with one another until they collided. The crew of Lord Belfast's "Louisa" immediately drew their cutlasses and proceeded to chop away the "Lulworth's" rigging, leaving her disabled. The upshot of all this was a famous ruling made by the Royal Yacht Squadron that "The use of axes in the cutting away of rigging was unjustifiable!" Cutlasses, presumably, were all right.

'I sometimes wonder what Lord Cardigan would have made of the modern school of yachtsmen. It was Lord Cardigan who took his yacht to the Crimean War. He seems to have regarded her as little more than a sea-going horse, for it was his custom to wear full military uniform aboard—including spurs. And it was he who, on one occasion when his skipper asked him: "Will you take the helm, my lord?", replied: "No, thank you. I never take anything between meals".'

A FINE NATURALIST

'Edward Lhuyd was one of the outstanding scholars and scientists of his time', said WILLIAM CONDRY in a talk in the Midland Home Service. 'He was born at the village of Loppington near Wem in Shropshire with the name of Edward Lloyd. But when he grew up and became an expert on old words and names he discovered in ancient documents that the name Lloyd had originally been spelt Lhuyd, and it tickled his antiquarian's fancy to call himself Lhuyd for the rest of his life.

'Botany was Lhuyd's first great interest. He used to clamber up the gulleys and crags of Snowdon, where he found many new and exciting plants. One summer he made a list of the plants he had found on Snowdon and left it at the hotel in Llanberis for the benefit of any other traveller that might be interested. Soon after, who should come to Llanberis but a Doctor Robinson, who happened to be a friend of the naturalist John Ray. When Robinson saw Lhuyd's list he sent it straight to Ray who became most excited about it because it included many mountain plants Ray had never seen. And as Ray was just finishing off his great work on British plants he was very glad to include



The royal yacht 'Royal George' (centre) conveying Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort to Edinburgh in August, 1842

Photographs by courtesy of the Parker Gallery

Lhuyd's list of Snowdon alpine in it. So Lhuyd suddenly found himself an acknowledged authority on mountain plants.

'He had gone up to Oxford University from Shropshire when he was twenty-two, and Oxford remained his centre for the rest of his life. This was because in his second year there the Ashmolean Museum was opened. This museum was started by people who were beginning to take a really scientific interest in rocks, fossils, animals, plants, and archaeology. It happened that Lhuyd's professor was also the first keeper of the Ashmolean; so

it is not surprising that Lhuyd himself was soon pottering about the museum, and that eventually he became a full-time museum worker. When he was thirty, so well had he fitted into the place, he succeeded to the post of keeper.

'Lhuyd set about making a collection of all the fossils of Oxfordshire; but it is characteristic of him that though he set out to collect Oxfordshire fossils only, his collection quickly grew into the first collection anyone had made of fossils from all over Britain.

'Lhuyd never forgot his beloved Wales, and every summer holiday he went back to the hills to look for plants, and for years



Lloydia serotina, the Snowdon lily: an illustration from Reichenbach's *Icones Florae Germanicae* (1848).

he showered John Ray in Essex with packages of alpine plants. The most famous of these is a tiny white lily of great rarity, which still grows where Lhuyd found it, on high ledges along the crags of Snowdonia and nowhere else in Britain. This Snowdon lily has since his day been named *Lloydia*. Zoologists have honoured him, too, for in recognition of his work on marine life they remember him in the name of *Luidia*, a genus of starfishes.

'One day he was asked by a London publisher if he would take on the job of revising the North Wales section of what was then the standard but out-of-date work on British archaeology, William Camden's *Britannia*. He worked at such a pace on this that he delivered the manuscript on the archaeology of North Wales in the incredibly short time of eight weeks. Then he went on to do the same thing for South Wales. Then he finished off his catalogue of fossils. This was published shortly after and is now one of the classics of early science in Europe.

'So we find Lhuyd in his thirty-sixth year an acknowledged authority on palaeontology, on botany, and on archaeology. And besides these main studies he was in touch with all aspects of nature from stalactites to starfish. He was also getting more interested in human studies, particularly the races, history and languages of mankind. Lhuyd decided to write a one-man encyclopaedia about the Celtic world. We still have the prospectus of this encyclopaedia, and nothing could give us a better idea of the scope of Lhuyd's mind. But what perhaps is most interesting for us today is the modernness of his methods; for this great mass of knowledge was to be got not from books but by his own original field-work, aided, and this is another modern touch, by a small, trained band of assistants, mostly students from Oxford.

'When at last he got back to Oxford with his rich store of material, Lhuyd settled down to write his encyclopaedia. But two difficulties faced him. First, as

he had been away four years, there was a great back-log of museum work to cope with; and, second, his health, which had been excellent, began to fail. So it was only slowly that his encyclopaedia got written. The fates now seemed quite against him. His health became worse, and at the age of forty-nine, just a year after his election to the then-young Royal Society, he died'.

BASCLOSE FARM

Basclose Farm at Otterton, near Sidmouth, in Devon, has been restored and modernized by a local resident, Mrs. Ursula Brighthouse, and is being opened to the public, to show what can be done to preserve important village architecture. TOM SALMON, B.B.C. reporter, described the farm in 'The Eye-witness' (Home Service).

'The house', he said, 'stands alongside a little stream that flows through the main street of the village—pale-pink washed, leaded windows, a gold-glinting thatch roof: it is the sort of house one would photograph in colour and put on the cover of a guide book. It is the sort of place one would like to live in. And yet, only a few short months ago it stood grey and dusty and empty. It had been empty for five years, and brambles had crept round the door and lumps of plaster had peeled from the walls.

'Before any work at all was done on Basclose Farm Mrs. Brighthouse asked two practical questions: first, was the house worth preserving? The answer to that was given by the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings: in their opinion it was. The second was even more practical: could the place be restored at a reasonable cost? At a figure, in fact, which did not exceed £4,000? A local architect was commissioned to prepare a restoration scheme within those rigid financial limits, and it was not until he had done this that work began.

'It was about seven months ago that the workmen moved into Basclose Farm. They were Devon workmen, fiercely proud of their craft. They moved into a place without electricity or plumbing. They ripped out ceilings and woodwork infested with worm and beetle; they stripped layers of colour wash, and polished the magnificent elm beams hidden beneath them. And in the process they gave to Basclose Farm the glory it had known three centuries ago. But even they could not improve its walls—more than two feet of Devonshire cobb, as sound now as it was in the days of Charles I—and they left the red sandstone chimney-breast as it has always been.

'Recently I walked through the place, through the drawing room with its massive open hearth, into the dining room and then into the spacious modern kitchen; up the elmwood staircase—the original one—through four double bedrooms and a bathroom: a blend of the atmosphere of the seventeenth century and the convenience and comfort of the twentieth'.



Basclose Farm, Otterton, Devon, after restoration

The World We Have Lost

Social Change and Revolution

By PETER LASLETT

I HAVE been trying in my two preceding talks* to give an impression of the highly complex arrangement of persons in the world we have lost. There they were the kings and the queens of the old order, the lords, the knights, the master craftsmen, the bishops, the yeomen, the apprentices and the rest, all disposed in intricate, traditional order and all based on the patriarchal family. Like the great crowd of creatures, they were sitting on the Quangle Wangle's hat.

And the Quangle Wangle said
To himself on the Crumpetty Tree
When all these Creatures move
What a wonderful noise there'll be.

Here I must try to give you some idea of what it was like when the society of our ancestors started moving. There was indeed a wonderful noise when the people of England went to war with each other over the government of Charles I. It was a clamour which astonished even the men of the time, but it was nothing compared with the metallic din which broke out when the family itself began to shift and to lean before the coming of the factories and the businesses.

Turning the Old World into the New

I would like to make a particular point to comment upon, a typical historian's point I suppose it is, about social change and revolution. The social change I want to consider is that overall transformation which turned the old world into the new. In what way, I want to ask, can we relate the dramatic events which took place in the final generations of the old order, with the long-term social changes which were going on in a much less dramatic way? What sort of connexion can we trace, say, between Cromwell and his Roundheads and the social forces which led to the decline of the family as an economic organization, or between the Glorious Revolution of 1688 and the coming of the factories?

There is an interesting confusion about just when the factories did come to Britain.

Within one room both large and long
There stood two hundred looms full strong
Two hundred men, the truth is so,
Wrought in these looms all in a row.
And in another place hard by
An hundred women merrily
Were carding hard with joyful cheer
Who singing sat with voices clear.

A building large enough for three hundred workers, with 100 women preparing the yarn for 200 men, and all employed by Jack of Newbury, the famous clothier of England. The doggerel comes from a novel by Thomas Deloney, published in the year 1619.

Jack of Newbury

It looks unmistakably a factory, and this piece of doggerel has been often quoted by the economic historians to argue that factories already existed before the coming of modern industry. Jack of Newbury has been classed with the large-scale clothiers, who are known from historical documents to have made use of buildings of factory size. One of them even took over Malmesbury Abbey, deserted and forlorn after the dissolution of the monasteries. Deloney's description has been very useful, because nothing else seems to have survived of the workings of these institutions.

But there can be no doubt that this Jack of Newbury was as much of a myth as Jack and the Beanstalk. For Jack of Newbury, Deloney tells us, had his own butcher, who killed ten oxen a week for 'This great household and family'. His establishment was

simply our master-baker's family enlarged, enlarged to impossible size. This fragment from the fascinating half-world between literature and folk-lore does not show, after all, that factories existed in Tudor times. What it does show is that the successful clothier could be idealized as a hero, and his household poetically exaggerated. But it was a household still.

Even the first factory which has left records, the Crowley ironworks founded in the sixteen-nineties, was a compromise with the familial system, an unsatisfactory compromise too. Most of its workers still took their work to their own homes. The advent of the factories, then, must be firmly placed in the eighteenth century, and cannot in any way be connected with the political unrest which made the seventeenth century the most dramatic in English history. It is simply a mistake to think otherwise, a very common mistake too, which could only be made by men insensitive to the traditional order of society and the meaning of its literature.

If we are to understand the reasons why seventeenth-century England was liable to sudden political breakdown and to civil war, we must be exact about all the influences which were changing men's relationships. The growth of large-scale economic undertakings was undoubtedly one of them, all undertakings which could no longer be carried on by the family. Heavy industry, as we now call it, is known to have been increasing rapidly in importance and in its scale of operations during Tudor and Stuart times. It belonged for the most part to the occupations which never had been organized on a family basis. Mining and building, seafaring, too, to some extent, had always been outside the familial system, and the people engaged in them had been organized as communities of their own. The famous Stannary Courts for the tin miners of Cornwall, even the mysteries of the freemasons, record the fact that men like these had been outsiders, outside the accepted social order.

Coal-miners as Slaves

Mining and metallurgy were growing in the seventeenth century, especially coal-mining. No traditional set of peculiar customs and laws existed for coal-miners. Therefore, it is no wonder that the coal-miners of Scotland were literally reduced to slavery, legal slavery by family. When John Wesley went to preach to the miners of Kingswood in Somerset he was told that he would find them as wild a race as the American Indians. This was what it meant to fall outside the accepted social system, to have no place in an intricately organized society.

Here was social change indeed, and one can suppose that it set up stresses within society as a whole. So did the growth of the early trading and manufacturing companies, like the famous East India Company and the Mineral and Battery Works. So did the establishment of the banking system, which at last made possible the 'business' as we know it. There were multitudes of influences and tendencies of this sort, all of which have usually been bundled together as 'emergent capitalism'. There was in addition the growth in size of the offices of government, which may in the end turn out to be the truly significant development. Samuel Pepys was as much an ancestor of the industrial world as Samuel Smiles.

This is the first opportunity I have had to mention the most important family of all in the familial world we have lost—the household of the sovereign, which was in a sense the state itself. The debate which went on after 1688, after what used to be called the Glorious Revolution, was concerned with this very thing. Locke wrote on government to demonstrate that the state was not a patriarchal institution, that obedience to government was not even symbolically obedience to parents, and we must suppose that he knew how his contemporaries tended to think. A change in the form and function of the family is indeed fundamental social change, as it is understood in our day. Think of the nurture of children, which interests our anthropologists and psychologists

so much. I have only to mention the fact that in the world we have lost the family was authoritarian, that both father and mother were perpetually present during the early life of the child, in order for you to recognize at once how different people must have been. Or we may think of the history of social policy, so brilliantly expounded by Professor Titmuss. The family not only did the work of agriculture, commerce and industry, it did most of the education, formal education as well as social training. The family was responsible for the whole of welfare, that richly significant twentieth-century word. The family looked after child-birth, the nursing mother, the sick person, sick mentally as well as physically, the disabled and the unemployed.

Patriarchal Family and Welfare State

We could understand the welfare state much better if we had a clear conception of the way its functions were performed by the patriarchal family, in the world we have lost. The English people—all of them, but particularly the peasants and the handicraftsmen—were the first of all the world's people to lose their traditional, familial mode of living before the arrival of industry.

The English school of sociological historians has, therefore, much important work to do. There exist histories of industries, of banking, of agriculture, of cities, of economic areas, there are histories of education. But none of them is written from this point of view: and there is no history of the family. So far, nearly all that the historian has had to say about the disappearance of the traditional social structure has been in terms of the rise and fall of classes, classes which do not seem to me to have existed at the time. And the historian's attention has been focussed on civil disorder, on men fighting and dying for causes—in fact, on revolution.

Revolution seems very unlikely to lie hidden in the causes of social disquiet I have spoken about so far. This would be so even if it should turn out that the weakening of the familial social structure by the time of Charles I and Cromwell had gone much further than I suppose. The number of people who could have been affected by the large-scale industrial and commercial organizations was very small, even by 1700. The proper method of calculating whether they could have set off revolutionary action would be to add these sources of friction to those already present in the established order. The point I want to make is that revolution is a matter of politics, however deeply its causes must be sought in the structure of society.

County Community of Gentry

I can only hint at all this, but I must tell you of an institution in the old world which seems to me to be of crucial importance to its literary and intellectual life as well as to its politics. This was the county community of gentry. Each of the counties of the country consisted of a network of gentle families, playing politics amongst themselves. They met in each others' manor houses and at sessions of the local magistrates. They met and they talked; this was where the opinions which created the opposition to the Stuarts were forged, and this was how the whole of our tradition of government by discussion and by party was brought into being. But they also wrote, wrote for each other, on political subjects, on theological subjects, wrote simply literature. London was the centre of the intellectual life of England, but it was not its only place of birth. The treatises and the essays, the poetry and the drama were born in the manor houses of the countryside, as well as in the garrets of the city. They were read, stored, and are still preserved in the libraries of those houses. Anyone who thinks of the literature of Stuart England must think of a hand-written book passing across the fields from one manor house to another, to be read by the neighbouring family.

When the Civil War came in 1642, it was run by county committees. Within each of them, each local society of the ruling segment, there had been a struggle between royalist and parliamentarian. The economic and social geography of every county entered into the outcome; and every variation of the social atmosphere. During the Civil War the counties which fought for the King suppressed their parliamentarian element, but when Cromwell won Royalists were outed everywhere. So were the parliamentarians in 1660.

The revolution of the years 1640 to 1660 was conducted in this way, because this was how politics had to be conducted then, and so was the Glorious Revolution of 1688. I hope I have made it clear why I think it so extraordinary that these dramatic events should have been themselves described as *really* (that word is important in the vocabulary of the historians of our day) as *really* a social revolution. Perhaps the point will come out better if I contrast the account I have given with a sentence taken from a book of documents intended to illustrate the English revolution of the seventeenth century. 'Very briefly', the editors declare, 'our subject here is the story of how one social class was driven from power by another'.

This book was published as late as 1949, explaining the social change and revolution in seventeenth-century England in terms of the rise of the gentry. During the Civil War, it claimed, the gentry along with the bourgeoisie, forming together the new, capitalist middle class, defeated the feudal monarchy and the aristocracy. Now I hope I have made it clear how irrelevant to the facts such an argument must be, because social mobility was sufficient to allow for upward motion in society without causing conflict, because capitalism did not disturb the social fabric in anything like so formidable a way, and so class conflict was impossible.

I will pass over the oddities of the arguments on the one side and the other, but would like to make one remark. One of the contributions to the controversy so far consists in a neat little reversal of the old idea, claiming that since it was so difficult to prove that the rise of the gentry caused the Civil War, then it must be a fall of the gentry instead, or a fall of some of them. This is not quite fair to the contestants, but it does show how much they are at the mercy of well-worn ideas about the causes of social change. These ideas have taught us a lot, but they are worked out. They are getting in the way.

Religious Hatred and Controversy

If it did become possible to prove that in the Tudor and early Stuart period the numbers and power of the smaller gentry increased markedly, then it would have a bearing on social disorganization and perhaps civil war and revolution. But in order to find out how much, it would be necessary to examine and assess this possible cause of friction along with many others. Perhaps the most important and difficult thing which would have to be done would be to estimate the social and political effect of tearing religious hatred and controversy. This is what was vital to contemporaries, and even the antagonists in this controversy seem to be beginning to realize that no statistics about the numbers of newly established gentle families could compare with the difference between Puritan and Anglican as a source of conflict.

But though historians have been willing to say these things, they have not yet begun to study Stuart society as a subject in itself, in such a way as to show that they understood the nature of conflict within it. I may cite once more their willingness to antedate the factory, as a token demonstration of their attitude. The controversy over the rise of the gentry seems to me to have gone on between men using the word England without any proper notion of who England was.

I can make only one more comment on the Puritans and the Civil War. There arose at the end of the campaigns of Cromwell a radical movement in the army and the city of London among men calling themselves Diggers. These men were the only authentic voice of the great mass of the English people who were excluded from the ruling segment, though you may remember that one at least of their leaders, John Lilburne, was certainly a gentleman. He actually refused to respond to a summons to court addressed 'John Lilburne, yeoman'. In their writings it is possible to see the underside of the ruling community, lit up from below, momentarily. The darkness is not dispersed until we reach the radicals of the days of Francis Place and the Chartists of early Victorian times. It is one of the most remarkable and interesting of all the facts about English social development that the Chartists of the eighteen-thirties had almost exactly the same programme of constitutional reform as the Levellers in Cromwell's army.

I hope I made it clear how confusing it would be to think of the Levellers and Diggers as representative of the working class,

working class revolutionaries. But I cannot now go into the extraordinary story of how it came to be that for this one electric moment in the history of pre-industrial England men ordinarily held apart by the social system came together, fought together, committed their thoughts to paper, and, most unlikely of all, got them into print. The chapter on these men must make the most interesting in any book on the world we have lost.

I am well aware that this is not the first time that the rise of the middle class has been under fire: the professional historians may well be weary of it already. The explanation of social problems by supposing that they are all due, must be due, to the

wickedness of a small group of men, banded together for their own interest against the rest of society, is a part of what the sociologists call a pre-logical view of things. Historical explanations in terms of class belongs to this way of thinking, although it has taught us many things about social history for which we must be very grateful.

There are countries, however, where it is compulsory for all citizens to believe that it is the only possible, the final and complete explanation. I think we should look very carefully indeed at our English history so as to be quite precise about the relationship of class, social change, and revolution.—*Third Programme*

The Two Voices of Andrew Marvell

By MICHAEL MILLGATE

WE shall be commemorating in May the tercentenary of the Restoration, the return of the House of Stuart to the English throne after the long interval of the Civil War and the Commonwealth. When the Protector Cromwell died in 1658 the Commonwealth seemed to fall apart, and in 1660 King Charles II was summoned back, with general approval, by the so-called Convention Parliament. Andrew Marvell played a comparatively small part in these great affairs, but he acted out in his own life many of the most important events of his time, and some of its most exacting moral dilemmas.

Marvell was one of the members of the Convention Parliament. At an election held on April 2, 1660, he was returned as one of the two members for his native town of Hull. He had first been elected to that office in the previous year; he was elected again, to the Cavalier Parliament, in 1661, and continued to represent Hull until his death in 1678. That he was a highly conscientious M.P., untiring in his devotion to the interests of his constituency, is made clear by the hundreds of letters, all of them crammed with detailed information, which he wrote back to the Mayor and Corporation of Hull.

The voice that we hear in these letters—the voice of Andrew Marvell the public man, the man of affairs—is much less familiar to most of us than the voice of Andrew Marvell the poet. Few people, I imagine, would quarrel with the description of Marvell as one of our greatest lyric poets. The body of his work is small, and he is not always at his best, but a few of his poems are among the supreme achievements of English verse. 'The Definition of Love' is an extraordinary fusion of intellectual agility with the ecstatic singing quality of the authentic lyric; 'To His Coy Mistress' is perhaps the greatest love poem in the language; 'The Garden' is a witty and delicate, yet powerful celebration of the virtues of solitude and contemplation. What is immediately arresting is the violent contrast between these two voices, the two sides of Marvell's life and personality—between the man of action and the poet of contemplation. We are astonished at the thought of the author of 'The Garden' immersing himself in the day-to-day conduct of public affairs, in the unromantic details of bills for the construction of harbour works and taxes on coal and brandy.

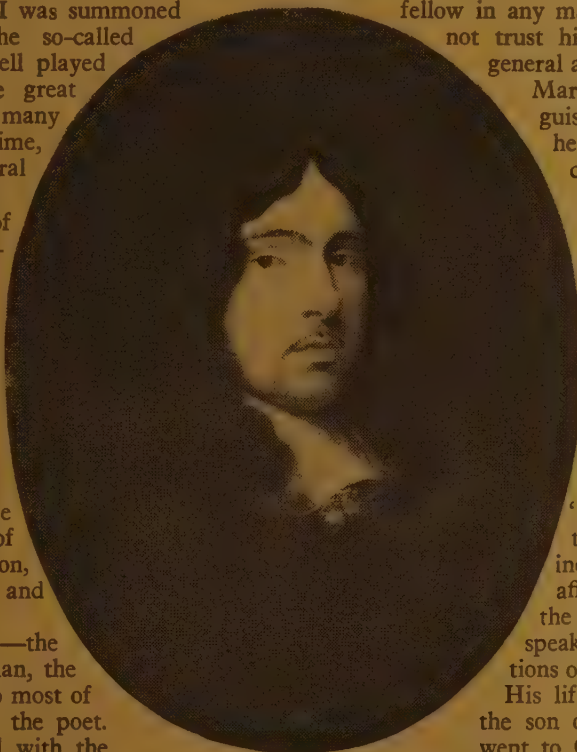
Marvell will always remain, I suppose, something of an enigmatic figure. Indeed, for someone who at one period of his life enjoyed considerable notability and even notoriety, we know remarkably little about the man himself. Few of his contemporaries

left personal impressions of him, and the account in Aubrey's *Brief Lives* hints at a possible reason for this. Marvell, says Aubrey, 'was in his conversation very modest, and of very few words: and though he loved wine he would never drink hard in company, and was wont to say that he would not play the good-fellow in any man's company in whose hands he would not trust his life'. Aubrey adds, 'He had not a general acquaintance'.

Marvell certainly had friends, and distinguished ones, among them John Milton, and he had something of a reputation as a coffee-house wit, but the impression Aubrey gives sufficiently coincides with that given by the poems and by the rather tight-lipped portraits in the National Portrait Gallery and in the Wilberforce Museum at Hull—the impression of a man reserved and solitary by nature, of few words but those long and deeply considered. 'I am naturally and now more by my Age inclined to keep my thoughts private', writes Marvell a few years before his death. Moreover, he adds: 'The times are something critical'. Yet the whole story of his life is one of increasing involvement in the world of affairs, and of increasing boldness, despite the dangers of those 'critical' times, in speaking his mind upon controversial questions of religion and politics.

His life began quietly enough. Born in 1621, the son of a prominent churchman in Hull, he went to Cambridge at the age of twelve. When the Civil War broke out he was twenty, and had just left Cambridge with his degree. We know little of his life during the next nine years, but he seems to have travelled abroad a good deal and to have taken no part in the political or military activities of the time. His famous 'Horatian Ode upon Cromwell's Return from Ireland', written in 1650, makes it clear that although he felt both admiration and sympathy for the executed Charles I he also felt much respect for Cromwell, and saw that there was no alternative but to accept and acknowledge his power. Marvell never ceased to express the deepest regret for the violence of the Civil War and for the death of Charles, but we can see him in this poem taking the first firm, considered step towards the political and religious position to which he was to remain faithful for the rest of his life.

Marvell was an extremist neither in religion nor in politics. He was most often motivated, perhaps, by a belief in the principle of toleration and by a patriotic concern for the welfare of his native town and for the political health of the nation at large. But there is no doubt that he was, when sides had to be taken,



Andrew Marvell (1621-1678),
by an unknown artist
National Portrait Gallery

both a Puritan and a Parliamentarian. In 1651 he became tutor to the daughter of Lord Fairfax, the retired general of the Parliamentary armies, and it was at the Fairfax home, Nun Appleton House, south of York, that Marvell seems to have written most of his best lyrics. Later he was tutor to a ward of Cromwell's and, in 1657, a colleague of Milton's in the office of the Foreign Secretary. He had thus become thoroughly committed to the Commonwealth, and his eulogistic poem on Cromwell's death shows none of the qualifications or hesitations of the earlier 'Horatian Ode'.

A Cause To Be Served

After Cromwell's death, the collapse of the Commonwealth, and the Restoration of Charles II, Marvell's inclination must surely have been to retire from the world of affairs, to live quietly, and to write. There were probably two reasons why he did not do so. The first was his strong sense of local loyalty. The second was his realization that although the Commonwealth had ended there still remained a cause to be served, the 'good old cause' of religious and political liberty for which the best men among the Parliamentarians had originally fought. And since Hull itself was something of a Puritan stronghold Marvell's second reason merged with the first: he saw that he could best serve the cause by continuing to work within the new political framework in an attempt to make it as effective, as honest, as just and as tolerant as possible.

Marvell inevitably found himself in opposition. The Cavalier Parliament, dominated by royalists, soon passed a series of repressive measures designed to make Charles's position secure. Dissenters from the re-established Anglican church were, in effect, deprived of their civil rights and denied either education or advancement. Criticism of the King was regarded as a treasonable offence. A strict censorship of all printing was imposed and a system of informers was employed to search out secret presses and to keep a check on former soldiers and servants of the Commonwealth.

It is only fair to say that these measures were never systematically or universally applied, but add the licentiousness and extravagance for which Charles and his court became notorious, and the incompetence with which the nation's foreign affairs were handled, and it is easy to understand Marvell's anger. And this anger soon found expression, first in satirical verse, later in the prose of political and religious pamphleteering.

'Last Instructions'

Between 1662 and 1665, Marvell was almost continuously abroad, first in Holland and then in Russia, but by 1667 he was already sufficiently disturbed by the state of the nation to write a verse satire called the 'Last Instructions to a Painter'. Most of Marvell's satires are too crowded with contemporary references, and too little distinguished as poetry, to be readily approachable today, but the 'Last Instructions' has a force, a savagery even, which cannot be ignored. The main attack is directed against the blundering mismanagement of the Dutch war—this was the year when De Ruyter sailed unmolested up the Thames—but it spreads to the whole court circle, even to the King himself, and includes some highly scurrilous and unquotable comments on the private life of the Duchess of York. It has to be admitted that Marvell, while firmly adhering to his deepest principles and beliefs, was not always over-scrupulous about the means he employed in their defence.

Marvell's satires were either circulated in manuscript or were printed secretly—and always, of course, anonymously. For if Marvell was not over delicate neither was the age in which he lived. Discovery by the spies of Roger L'Estrange, the 'surveyor' of printing, could mean imprisonment and even execution for the operator of a secret press, and when Marvell published, in 1678, his *Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England*, considerable rewards were offered for the discovery of the author. Marvell's refusal 'To play the good-fellow in any man's company in whose hands he would not trust his life', takes on new significance when we learn of Chiffinch, one of Charles's chief agents, that his favourite technique was to get his man drunk. It is said that Marvell was threatened with assassination

on at least one occasion and, when he died suddenly, the rumour that he had been poisoned was readily believed—though it was, in fact, unfounded.

Apart from *The Growth of Popery* the most important of Marvell's prose writings was *The Rehearsal Transpos'd*, a powerful argument for religious toleration written in an energetic style that looks forward directly to Swift's *Tale of a Tub*. Most entertaining, however, is the famous *Mock Speech from the Throne*, a brilliant parody of Charles II's speech at the opening of Parliament in 1675.

By this time Parliament was much more hostile to Charles than it had been earlier in his reign and Marvell was much less lonely in his opposition. Even so, the fact that he continued to speak out so strongly, despite the continuing dangers, despite his own natural reserve, is an indication of his exasperation at the conduct of national affairs and his distress at the corruption of political life.

In *The Growth of Popery*, for example, there is a melancholy description of the House of Commons as a collection of bought men, time-servers, and profligates, a 'gross body' preserved from 'putrefaction' only by 'a handful of salt, a sparkle of soul . . . some gentlemen that are constant, invariable, indeed Englishmen; such as are above hopes, or fears, or dissimulation, that can neither flatter, nor betray their King or Country: but being conscious of their own loyalty and integrity, proceed throw good and bad report, to acquit themselves in their duty to God, their prince, and their nation'.

The Standards Marvell Lived By

These, of course, are the standards by which Marvell himself lived, the values for which he struggled in an unpropitious age. At a time when bribery was taken almost as a matter of course the most famous story about Marvell testified to his incorruptibility. Although not an opponent of the monarchy as an institution, nor of the church, he was an uncompromising enemy of the political and religious abuses which they countenanced. He was sufficiently limited by his time, and by his political fear of Louis XIV, to be unable to accept the extension of religious toleration to Catholics. But he would scarcely have condoned the excesses of the scare over the 'Popish Plot' which broke out soon after his death, and to which his pamphlet on *The Growth of Popery* may have unwittingly contributed.

Marvell remains a man of many apparent contradictions. He speaks with two voices so different from each other as to seem at times almost irreconcilable, and it was his special fate and distinction to play out, conscientiously and well, a public role for which he can have had little personal inclination. Whatever our final assessment of Marvell's character and personality Milton was surely right to recommend him as a man 'of singular desert for the state to make use of'.—*North of England Home Service*

The Rival World

High world raining shining rain,
The garden twists like a new rope in the wet,
His eight-surefooted ease forgotten,
The spider shivers with his twining net.

Close under slying stones, dry-bellied leaves,
In crusted body-scars of soil there lies
A myriad of apprehensive lives
All folded away with their six feet and their eyes.

Foraging birds are gone from air
That buffets wing and featherbrain;
Now may the worm's long body venture
Blind to feel the direct gaze of the rain.

Slow fugitive, the sleet blows over,
Wind is falling, clouds are furled.
Go again early into the earth
And come no more to the high roof of the world.

STUART SLATER

The Sky at Night

The Approach of Burnham's Comet

By PATRICK MOORE

A GREAT comet, with a brilliant nucleus and a tail stretching perhaps half-way across the sky, is a glorious sight. Such, for instance, were the comets of the years 1811 and 1843; Donati's Comet of 1858, while not so bright, is said to have been even more beautiful, with its curved scimitar-like tail.

Unfortunately nobody aged much less than sixty will remember a great comet, since the last appeared as long ago as 1910. This was the famous Daylight Comet, which was indeed visible even with the Sun well above the horizon. It is often confused with Halley's Comet, which appeared in the same year, but there is no actual connexion between the two. The Daylight Comet was of the non-periodical class; Halley's returns to the neighbourhood of the Sun every seventy-six years, and will be bright once more in 1986, though in splendour it cannot be said to match the really great comets.

Faint comets are common, and it is seldom that at least two or three are not within the range of powerful telescopes. Several new discoveries are made each year. For instance, 1959 brought forth no less than eleven, and this was by no means an exceptional year. Some of the comets were of short period, and so were expected; others were genuinely new. The last comet found in 1959 is of considerable interest, since it should be easily visible to the naked eye before the end of the present month. The discovery was made on December 30 by Robert Burnham, Jr., at the Lowell Observatory, Flagstaff, when it was a faint, diffuse object. Calculations showed that it was approaching perihelion, and might be expected to attain naked-eye visibility during April; the preliminary announcements indicated that it might reach the third magnitude, though it is now probable that the maximum magnitude will not exceed four.

During April the apparent path of the comet takes it from the Aquarius region past the Square of Pegasus to a point between Cygnus and Cassiopeia. By April 26 it will be so far north that it will become circumpolar, and on the twenty-seventh it will reach its minimum distance from the Earth—about 20,000,000 miles. Subsequently it will cross Ursa Minor, between Polaris and Kocab (Beta Ursa Minoris), and move into Ursa Major, passing across the famous pattern of stars which makes up the Plough. By the end of

the first week in May it will, however, have faded so considerably that it will be beyond naked-eye vision. The chart given here shows the track of the comet between April 20 and May 5. Reports show that the comet has a definite tail, but it will not be spectacular. It will certainly be inferior to the two naked-eye comets of 1957—Arend-Roland, which was seen in the spring of that year, and Mrkos, which appeared during the autumn. Neither is it

likely to be of such interest; the curious 'spike' associated with Arend-Roland, due to the illumination of meteoric material spread along the comet's orbit, was a most exceptional feature, though not unique. However, Burnham's Comet will be well worth looking for, and its convenient position means that it ought to be found easily even by those who have no intimate knowledge of the sky. Binoculars will give a good view of it.

Unfortunately it is impossible to predict in advance how striking the tail will be, and it is even conceivable that the comet will fade well

before expected. Comets are, in fact, the most erratic members of the Solar System, and our knowledge of them is still far from complete. It will be remembered that Alcock's second comet of 1959 was expected to become quite prominent, but failed to do so; and there have been numerous other cases of the same kind of behaviour.

A comet is not in the least like a solid, massive body such as a planet. It is thought that the nucleus consists of solid particles or blocks, composed of the same material as meteors, and that these are surrounded by the gases expelled from them under the action of heat from the Sun. The tail is made up of a mixture of these gases and fine dust, and it is interesting to find that a comet's tail always points away from the Sun. When the comet is moving towards perihelion, therefore, it moves head-first; as it swings past its point of closest approach to the Sun, the tail swings too, and during the outward journey the movement is tail-first. (This may not be the whole story, and it is suggested that at least in some cases the tail seen after perihelion is not the same as the original one, but the general pattern of behaviour is not to be doubted.)

There is no great mystery about this; the cause is to be found in 'light pressure'. Radiation exerts a force of repulsion, which acts in the opposite direction to gravitation.



An impression of Donati's Comet of 1858, with its curved, scimitar-like tail



Path of Burnham's Comet, April 20 to May 5, 1960

If it were possible to build a searchlight of sufficient brilliance, it would theoretically be possible to knock a man down with it—though the experiment could not be carried out, since in our everyday experience the amount of light-pressure is extremely small. The fact that a comet's tail always points away from the sun was mentioned as long ago as the seventeenth century by Johann Kepler, and in 1808 the German astronomer Olbers returned to this problem, though at that time the cause of such behaviour was naturally not well understood.

Light-pressure is proportional to the cross-sectional area of the particle concerned, and it may be shown that for particles of the order of one micron (0.001 mm.) the solar radiation and gravitational forces will just about balance. The particles in a comet's tail are of such a size that the radiation pressure has a very marked effect, and actually drives them away from the comet's head in a direction outward from the Sun. Such a phenomenon demonstrates that comets must be of relatively small mass, and this is borne out by all other investigations. It has been calculated that the mean density is of the order of half an ounce of material per cubic mile, and even the largest comet cannot have a mass of as much as one-millionth of that of the Earth. This is perhaps fortunate, since comets may attain very large dimensions; indeed, in a few cases they have been known to exceed the size of the Sun itself.

Ancient peoples were much alarmed by comets. This is understandable enough; and even now the old fear still lingers on among backward tribes. It is entirely unfounded, as is shown by the fact that twice during the last century and a quarter the Earth has passed through the tail of a large comet without suffering the slightest damage. The famous description of a comet as being 'a bagful of nothing' may not be accurate, but it certainly gives a faithful picture.

Spectroscopy has been applied to comets, and the results are of interest. Carbon monoxide, carbon dioxide, methane, hydrogen and nitrogen have all been detected. It is also found that though a comet shines partly by reflected sunlight, there is also a certain amount of fluorescence due to the action of solar radiation; presumably this is operative only when the comet is reasonably near perihelion. We can now see why a comet fades rapidly when it has begun its outward journey, and why the tail diminishes as the distance from the Sun increases.

The most widely favoured theory of the structure of comets is that due to the American astronomer F. L. Whipple. Whipple considers that a typical comet is composed of a conglomerate of meteoric material, mainly spongy, together with 'ices' of substances such as water, ammonia, and carbon dioxide. When the comet is far from the Sun, the low temperature will allow these ices to remain solid; but as perihelion approaches some of the gases will evaporate, and the comet will show development of the familiar type. This also means that the comet will lose some of its material at each return to the Sun, and must be comparatively short-lived on the astronomical time-scale.

This, too, is borne out by observation. Numerous short-period comets are known, and during the last century or so several of these have ceased to exist as comets. Among them are Holmes' Comet (which in 1892 was bright enough to be seen with the naked eye) and Brorsen's Comet. The most famous example, however, is Biela's Comet, which used to have a period of six-and-three-quarter years. It was seen in 1832; missed in 1839, because its position in the sky was unfavourable; and was back again in 1846, in which year it divided into two portions. The twin comets returned once more in 1852. They were not recovered in 1859, but this again may well have been due to their unfavourable position. They should certainly have been seen in 1866, but they

were not; despite the most careful search, not a trace of them could be found. At the next predicted return, that of 1872, all that was seen was a shower of shooting-stars. For several subsequent 'returns' these 'Bieliid' meteors were seen, but became steadily less conspicuous. Recently the shower has been widely regarded as extinct, but it now appears that this is not entirely true, and that a few Bieliid meteors still appear, representing the debris of the dead comet.

There is no doubt of a close association between comets and meteors. The story of Biela's comet is striking proof, but there are many other cases of the association of a comet with a meteor shower; among these are the comets of Tempel (I), Giacobini-Zinner, and Halley. It is not, however, to be supposed that fallen meteorites represent parts of old comets. There is no evidence that any meteorite picked up or studied on the Earth's surface has come from a shooting-star shower.

In general, comets may be divided into two classes: periodical and non-periodical. The periodical comets have periods ranging from about three years (Encke's Comet, which has now been seen at forty-five returns and will certainly be recovered once more in 1960) up to well over 100 years; the Grigg-Mellish Comet, for instance, was seen in 1743 and again in 1907, so that its period is slightly over 164 years. Among other famous comets of short period are those of Grigg-Skjellerup (4.9 years), Pons Winnecke (6.1), Giacobini-Zinner (6.6), D'Arrest (6.7), Faye (7.4), Tuttle (13.6) and Crommelin (28). However, the only bright comet which has a period of less than several centuries is Halley's, and so this is the only bright comet which may be predicted with certainty; it has now been seen at twenty-nine returns.

Periodical comets are under observation only when fairly near perihelion. For instance, the exact position in the sky of Halley's Comet is known at the present

time, but it is far beyond the range of even the largest telescope, and will remain so for the next couple of decades; indeed, it will probably not be recovered until a few months before its next perihelion passage in 1986. Two periodical comets (Schwassmann-Wachmann II and Oterma) have orbits of unusually low eccentricity, and are under more constant observation; but these are exceptional, and are always faint objects. Moreover, periodical comets are constantly perturbed by the planets, which have a far bigger mass, and these effects may have interesting results. In 1779, for instance, Lexell's periodical comet passed so close to Jupiter that it entered the satellite system. The comet had no measurable effect upon either Jupiter or its moons, but its own orbit was so perturbed that the period was completely altered—in fact, the comet has never been observed since.

There can be little doubt that all comets revolve round the Sun, except perhaps in cases when planetary perturbation has transformed the orbit into an open (hyperbolic) curve. For the great comets—excluding Halley's, which can hardly be termed 'great' in the accepted sense of the word—the periods are extremely long, and must be measured in thousands or even millions of years. This means that, so far as we are concerned, such comets may be regarded as non-periodical, since hundreds of generations will pass before they return. Many of the fainter comets move in similar paths, and Burnham's is a typical example, as were both the naked-eye comets of 1957. The period is so long that it cannot be calculated with even approximate accuracy; the orbit approximates to a parabola.

The question of the origin of comets is both interesting and important, but so far it has not been definitely answered. Lagrange, the great French mathematician, once suggested that comets might be expelled from Jupiter or Saturn, but this theory has met with insuperable mathematical difficulties. Similarly, the

(concluded on page 733)



Halley's Comet

The Guggenheim Museum

By QUENTIN BELL

IN New York, a city which so manifestly aspires, it is strange to find a gallery largely devoted to all that is newest or, to use a horrible adjective 'contemporary', curled like some vast concrete snail amidst the tall buildings. Even though this particular section of 88th Street is by no means lofty (the highest buildings rise a bare twenty stories), Frank Lloyd Wright's posthumous work seems earth-bound when compared to its neighbours. As one draws nearer to the building it ceases to remind one of a snail but seems to resemble some great emplacement of the West Wall designed to repel an invader, a strong point with formidable embrasures.

It has, indeed, been considerably shot at, first by philistines and later by those who, like Mr. Kramer, are by no means philistines. A third and still more alarming image presents itself when, greatly daring, one has entered and, following the firm though kindly directions of a uniformed attendant, ascended in a lift and proceeded a short way up the great gently curving ramp which leads to the roof, only to be impeded and sent down again by means of a white metal barrier. It is at this point that one is forced to the conclusion that one resembles some small, scientifically and statistically interesting rodent caught in the maze of some dispassionate investigator. One may, indeed I think one must, admire the splendid American audacity of the architect. The whole gallery is formed by one continuous ascending spiral slightly tapered at the foot and rising to a great dome—but it suggests nothing less than a dome—above. Decanted at the top from the lift the tiny human specimens drift in strag-

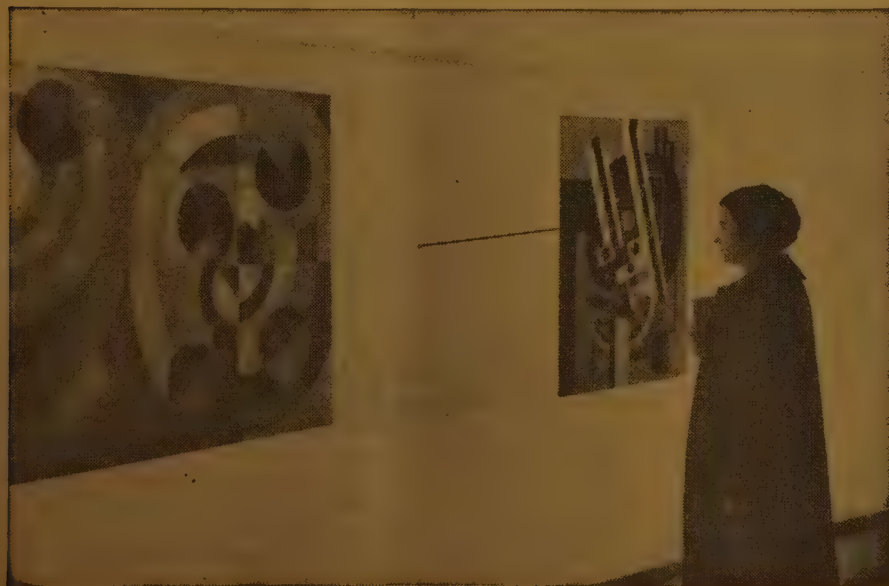


The Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, New York City

gling clusters down to the floor, on their left are pictures set against a white illuminated wall, and when they finally reach the floor level they are confronted by a carefully asymmetric group of sculptures, and then humanely filtered out. It was with great pleasure that I saw a few magnificently rugged individualists clambering up, despite all the excellent advice that had been given them. Some day someone with a Ph.D. thesis in mind will catch up with the resolute nonconformists, discover what percentage of the total visitors they represent, to what ethnic, social and religious groups they belong, and examine their early life with special reference to excretory functions, feeding habits, and parental background. I am sorry to say that I was not one of those happy few. It was hard enough, after five days on the deck of a steamer, to drift down a platform which slopes in two directions without venturing upon an ascent.

The pictures are not allowed to provide any element of stability in this fluctuating maze. They have been stripped of their frames and deprived even of the dignity of battens. For the most part they are held out, about five feet from the wall, by long metal arms which are studiously concealed, so that they have the appearance of floating in mid air. The main source of light is behind and above them, but all around the walls are white, whiter for the most part than anything in the pictures themselves. A good deal of ingenuity has been employed to give them an abundance of even, reflected light and there are no glass and no shadows to interfere with one's vision.

At a distance the method has its uses.



'The pictures . . . are held out, about five feet from the wall, by long metal arms'

There is a point in the gallery where standing in front of one Modigliani one can compare it with another hanging, very clearly visible, on the opposite wall of the spiral. Also, it must be allowed that it suits some of the younger painters. Mr. Albert Burris has painted—I should rather say assembled—a piece of shockingly battered plywood, set down upon what appears to be gesso. This, if framed and hung in an ordinary room, would, I fancy, look uncommonly ridiculous; but hanging isolated in space without visible means of support it attains a certain air of importance. Nothing and nobody can make the work of M. Georges Mathieu look anything but absurd; but in this gallery he is at least a little nearer to what I take to be his spiritual home, the shop window of a fashionable store.

If this collection were entirely composed of the work of artists such as these, the total effect would be congruous, at least. But it is not. There are pictures here by Bonnard and Picasso, by Seurat and by Cézanne, and these have the air of fish out of water, or, rather, of land animals caught in a maelstrom. Western art began in a book or on a wall, and either way the painter, even if he might depart from a rectangular boundary, worked on the supposition of a horizontal basis; a tondo is painted on the assumption that its relationship to the floor is this: \odot , not this \circ /. Moreover a frame, although it serves to demarcate, and, if it be gilded, to isolate a picture from the wall on which it hangs, serves



'I agree it's a monument to the genius of Frank Lloyd Wright, but as a museum . . .'

Cartoon by Whitney Darrow. Copyright New Yorker Magazine Inc.

number of excellent Kandinskys out of place.

It is odd to go from the Guggenheim Museum to the Frick, and there to see how such frivolous light-weight artists as Boucher and Fragonard, engaged to enliven the panelling of Mme de Pompadour or Mme Du Barry with fluffy lascivious trifles, could integrate their pictures into a wall making one continuous whole. They too had their gimmicks; but I do not think that they would have made the mistake of putting a Poussin in a rococo frame.

also to effect a reasonable transition between the world of the picture and the world beyond (this quite apart from the fact that many painters have painted up to the tone of the frame which they know will surround, and may already surround, their work). Under the best circumstances and with the best will in the world it is not therefore easy to hang a picture intended to make sense in a rectangular environment when your floor slopes one way and your walls another. It needs every bit of quadrilateral support that you can give it. But in the Guggenheim Museum every possible support has been removed. Thus one finds Bonnard, surely one of the most intimate of twentieth-century painters, floating like an abandoned lunik and, what is worse, a lunik that has drifted between ourselves and the sun; Cézanne's *Clockmaker* struggling manfully against appalling odds; a splendid Seurat and a large all isolated, and completely

Two Poems

Apotheosis

Impressed on metal and revealed in stone,
The emperor endures. Stamped profile poised
Or silent gesture marks the man whose face
Endorsed all current gold; for whom alone
The polished legions wheeled and gods deployed.
His was the shrewdest choice of time and place.

Others fought dry campaigns; he was on hand
To play slick cards for power: ace took the trick
And law was his. He whispered names and, quick
As knife, generals were carrion in the sand.

Packed to the echo in that silent city,
Arenas marked the nerve-end of his power;
Their dark-skinned grapplers and their family clowns
Banished to temples. At his oratory
The veterans rocked the arches with their roar
And offered him again the dead men's crowns.

Two galaxies of stars set to collide:
Ape born to courtesan: news indicates
An evil past control. Crossed by such fates,
Gods die like gangsters on the losing side.

The moment of the trap in action came:
A circle of his friends ringed him for death
And knives were out. Time for the fade-out scene,
A last salute, a cloak to muffle shame,
As blades encroached to punctuate his breath.
Then squads with wisecracks swilled the paving clean.

DONALD THOMAS

Eurydice to Orpheus

So we started walking along the passage
Leaving the great hall. Slowly at first because
I was not used to action. It seemed to grow lighter
And with the smell of the sun above on earth
My steps grew surer. O hurry, hurry, thought I,
Lest the dark shadows stir upon their thrones
Relenting that I went so easily.
This time, surely, not as in the dreams
I felt the air—and this time it was true.
Then as even the memory of that place
Was struck out by the sudden joy of a bird
You had to turn. O fool, O fool my love.
The memory of your look I keep with me
Forever beyond sight. The worst is now
I cannot tell you this.

JENNY JOSEPH

The Faith of a Humanist

By SIR JULIAN HUXLEY

I USE the word humanist to mean someone who believes that man is just as much a natural phenomenon as an animal or a plant, that his body, his mind, and his soul were not supernaturally created but are all products of evolution, and that he is not under the control or guidance of any supernatural Being or beings, but has to rely on himself and his own powers. And I use faith in the sense of a set of essentially religious beliefs.

Common Factor of Religions

How then can a humanist be religious? Is not religion necessarily concerned with supernatural beings? The answer is 'No'. Religion of some sort seems always to have been a feature of man's life; but some religions are not concerned with God, and some not with any sort of supernatural beings at all. Religions are of many kinds, good and bad, primitive and advanced: but they all have one thing in common—they help man to cope with the problem of his place and role in the strange universe in which he lives.

Religion, in fact, is the organ of man concerned with his destiny. It always involves the sense of sacredness or reverence, and it is always concerned with what is felt to be more absolute, with what transcends immediate, particular, everyday experience. It aims at helping people to transcend their petty or selfish or guilty selves. All organized religions not only have a set of rituals but a moral code—what is right and what is wrong: and a system of beliefs. In the long run, the beliefs determine the moral code, and they in their turn are based on man's knowledge of himself and the world.

Humanist beliefs are based on human knowledge, especially on the knowledge-explosion of the hundred years since Darwin published *The Origin of Species*, which has revealed to us a wholly new picture of the universe and of our place in it. We now believe with confidence that the whole of reality is one gigantic process of evolution. This produces increased novelty and variety, and ever higher types of organization; in a few spots it has produced life; and, in a few of those spots of life, it has produced mind and consciousness.

This universal process is divisible into three phases or sectors, each with its own method of working, its own rate of change, and its own kind of results. Over most of the universe it is in the lifeless or inorganic phase. On earth (and undoubtedly on some planets of other suns) it is in the organic or biological phase. This works by natural selection and has produced a huge variety of animals and plants, some astonishingly high organizations (like our own bodies, or an ant colony), and the emergence of mind.

The Psychosocial Phase

Finally man (and possibly a few other organisms elsewhere) has entered the human or, as we may call it, psychosocial phase, which is based on the accumulation of knowledge and the organization of experience. It works chiefly by a conscious selection of ideas and aims, and produces extremely rapid change. Evolution in this phase is mainly cultural, not genetic; it is no longer focused solely on survival, but is increasingly directed towards fulfilment and towards quality of achievement.

Man is the latest dominant type of life on this earth, and the sole agent for its further evolution. He is the product of more than two and a half million years of past evolution; and we believe that he has at least an equally vast span of future evolution before him.

Though human evolution has been accompanied by much evil and horror it has led to real advance (for instance, in health and length of life), and has produced great new achievements (such

as cathedrals and aeroplanes, poems and philosophies, arts and sciences). And this has been due to the increase of human experience and knowledge and its better organization in concepts and scientific laws, in ideas and works of art. We know that a large number of things that used to be supposed to be due to supernatural intervention are nothing of the sort, but are the result of perfectly natural causes. We do not believe that epidemics are divine punishments, or earthquakes divine warnings; we do not believe that witches are in league with the Devil, or that artistic inspiration comes from a supernatural source; prayers for rain are still offered in church, but very few people (and no humanists) believe that God has any influence on the weather. We know that there is no hell full of devils inside the earth, and nothing like the traditional orthodox Christian idea of heaven up in the sky.

But we have faith in the capacities and possibilities of man: most immediately in his capacity to accumulate his experience, and in the resultant possibilities of increasing his knowledge and understanding. We have seen their results in science and medicine; we have faith in their possibilities for psychology and politics, for conservation and eugenics. But we must think of man's other capacities, too. His capacity for disinterested curiosity and wonder leads him both to seek and to enjoy knowledge. His capacity for enjoying beauty pushes him to create, to preserve, and to contemplate it. His capacity to feel guilt impels him towards morality, his sense of incompleteness leads him to seek greater wholeness. He is endowed with a sense of justice which slowly but steadily brings about the remedying of injustice. He has a capacity for compassion which leads him to care for the sick, the aged, and the persecuted, and a capacity for love which could (and sometimes does) override his capacity for hate.

Unrealized Human Possibilities

Many human possibilities are still unrealized save by a few: the possibility of enjoying experiences of transcendent rapture, physical and mystical, aesthetic and religious, or that of attaining an inner harmony and peace that puts a man above the cares and worries of daily life. Indeed man as a species has not yet realized more than a fraction of his possibilities of health, physical and mental, and spiritual well-being, of achievement and knowledge, of wisdom and enjoyment, or of satisfaction in participating in worth-while or enduring projects, including that most enduring of all projects, man's further evolution.

So man's most sacred duty is to realize his possibilities of knowing, feeling, and willing to the fullest extent, in the development of human individuals, in the achievements of human societies, and in the evolution of the whole human species. I believe that an understanding of the extent to which man falls short of realizing his splendid possibilities will stimulate him to learn how they can be realized, and that this will be the most powerful religious motive in the next stage of our human evolution. As a humanist, that is my faith.—'Woman's Hour' (Light Programme)

The Development of Physical Theory in the Middle Ages by Dr. James A. Weisheipl has been published as No. 4 in the Newman History and Philosophy of Science Series of pamphlets (Sheed and Ward, 4s.).

* * *

The Batchworth Press has issued English editions of two volumes of the famous French *Larousse Encyclopedia*: 'Mythology' (£3 3s.), translated by Richard Aldington and Delano Ames, has an introduction by Robert Graves; 'Astronomy' (£3 3s.), translated by Michael Guest and John B. Sidgwick, and revised by Professor Z. Kopal, has an introduction by Professor F. L. Whipple. The volumes are quarto size, of some 500 pages each, and lavishly illustrated.

Science anti-Science

By MAGNUS PYKE

SCIENCE has always had its opponents. Among the first were the believers in revelation rather than research. The circle, they would say, is a 'perfect' geometrical form—whatever that may mean—consequently it could be taken as obvious that the orbits of the planets round the sun must be circular. In fact, they are not. Another kind of anti-scientist is the genteel traditionalist. This is the man who boasts, with a shy, self-conscious laugh, that of course he knows nothing about science but he has always found that an old fisherman's rheumatism is a more reliable indication of weather to come than any exercise in scientific meteorology. Both these groups of opponents to science base their antipathy on emotion. Their objections may, therefore, be considered excusable since science is to a predominant degree not an emotional but an intellectual matter. The long series of practical successes of applied science must be irritating to people with this traditional cast of mind. If one has been brought up to believe that wool and ivory and rubber and silk and glass are natural materials of unparalleled excellence, it is tiresome to find that the man-made products of the chemical factory may be better, stronger, cheaper, and more reliable.

A More Sophisticated Attack

But now, and rather suddenly too, anti-scientists are appearing among the scientists themselves. One of the most considerable of these is René Dubos whose book, *The Mirage of Health*,* uses a different and more sophisticated method of attack. His advance is on two fronts. The first is to deny that half a loaf is better than no bread. The second thrust is to blame the inventor of, let us say, the motor car for not having invented an aeroplane.

Just at the moment scientists are being accused of two different offences. The most common charge is that the knowledge of the physical sciences that is accruing so rapidly is being applied in industry and manufacture to produce things that can be misused. An understanding of electricity and magnetism makes possible the telephone, and so we are rung up by boring, troublesome people. An insight into petroleum chemistry and metallurgy enables manufacturers to make motor cars, and, next, the scientists are being blamed for the number of people killed on the roads. Mathematical and astronomical learning makes it possible to aim a rocket at the moon and hit it. But it is surely unjust to accuse scientists because generals aim the rockets at each other.

Because the truths which are discovered about nature can be applied to smelt metals and make hardware, when the study is of chemistry; and because an understanding of biology can enable populations to increase at unprecedented rates unchecked by pestilence or famine; and because the philosophical thinking of a physicist shows that mass—that is, the solid substance of matter—can be transmuted into fabulous energy, it is surely illogical to blame the gentle Einstein because modern civilized nations now manufacture hydrogen bombs; or to scold Fleming for overpopulation in India, or Faraday for the discomforts of the London Underground. It would be as rational to blame the cobbler because the man who bought the boots he made used them to kick his wife.

Accusations of Materialism

The second charge against scientists is that it is because of them that our lives are today so materialistic. Because applied science makes nylon shirts possible and gives us wireless sets and food and leisure and plastic pipes to bring water to our chromium-plated bathrooms, all we believe in, say the critics, is material wealth and tangible prosperity. But this, too, is a misconceived attack. Science is a way of thinking, an approach to truth. It is almost accidental that the application of the knowledge

of natural phenomena which scientists have acquired has proved to be so remarkably useful in practice.

The subtlety of Dr. Dubos's onslaught against science is that he sets out to demonstrate that science has not really been useful at all. The whole thing is a mirage, or at least, if there have been successes, they are really incomplete. For example, although Dr. Dubos may grant that the discoveries of vitamins relegated scurvy from the status of a major killing disease for seamen and explorers and reduced rickets from a crippling affliction of children born in towns of the northern hemisphere to the rank of rare medical curiosities, nevertheless because nutritional science is concerned with only a limited aspect of human life it cannot compensate for what he mystically describes as 'loss of biological wisdom'. It seems that 'biological wisdom' is a state of grace which is an invariable casualty of civilization. The Zulus, we are told, possessed it once when they were able to roam about eating game, milk, and berries, but they possess it no longer now that Africa is filling up. And the conditions in which *we* live are certainly not as wild as those enjoyed by bygone Zulus.

Even when Dr. Dubos allows himself to grant that scientific knowledge of the composition of a good diet may be attainable, he goes on to object that there may be other things about food that science does not yet know. He suggests what some of these may be. For example, there is a particular subterranean clover which, in the spring, contains a significant amount of a substance which acts on grazing animals as a sex hormone. Dr. Dubos then goes on to suggest that the tender sprouts and leaves eaten by young men in the springtime may have an effect on their behaviour attributable to factors as yet unknown to nutritional science.

Bernard Shaw's Mysticism

Bernard Shaw, we may assume, had no desire to die of smallpox nor did he deny outright the effectiveness of vaccination. His objection to vaccination was partly mystical, just as was the objection of early churchmen to the invention of the umbrella, although it keeps you dry. But Shaw was not a scientist whereas Dr. Dubos is. He admits, albeit grudgingly, the effectiveness of the application of Pasteur's discoveries of microbes in reducing deaths from infections. Then he goes on to point out that eradication of microbes may not be the only way to stop infectious disease. A generation ago 'everyone', he says, 'became a little tuberculous yet had a fair chance of enjoying a normal, creative life'.

Here we have anti-science in its most insidious form. Because there are people who are able to harbour without harm to themselves micro-organisms that are virulent to the rest of us, and because, so far, very little is known about immunity of this kind, Dr. Dubos suggests that these carriers may—and 'may' is a big word—'derive some unrecognized benefit from their infection'.

It is a human failing to want to prick the bubble of success and show that the self-assured proponents of the technological establishment are fallible after all. Science has itself and its consistent records of victories to blame for the new anti-science.

In 1845, a disastrous famine occurred in Ireland. The potato crop, upon which the population primarily depended for food, was almost totally destroyed by blight. This blight was due to a fungus, *Phytophthora infestans*. We might think that some credit should be given to the scientific studies by which the nature of this micro-organism was elucidated and methods for its control elaborated. Dr. Dubos points out, however, that in its native habitat in the Andes, where the potato plant grows wild, the same fungus is a common parasite from which the potato suffers little, if any, harm. Indeed, the potato and the fungus live in

harmony together. It is only because scientific man has come along and transported the potato across the world, and applied genetical techniques to produce 'Golden Wonders' and 'Kerr's Pink' and other 'unnatural' varieties that, given the appropriate conditions of wet weather, it becomes susceptible to attack by *Phytophthora infestans*. The potato, like man, has fallen from a state of nature, when it was hardy, if unproductive, and has become subject to the blight. Although Dr. Dubos does not go so far as to suggest that microbiological knowledge gives no control over potato disease, nor that good crops of modern varieties are not useful as food, yet he does imply that perhaps science is an illusion. Perhaps it was preordained that *Phytophthora infestans* should destroy the too-big potatoes so that the starving people should emigrate and contribute to the American continent, as he puts it, 'the wit of the Irish, their Catholic faith and their political genius'.

For the most part anti-science is a natural reaction to the seemingly invariable successes of science, but Dr. Dubos also attacks science because it has not been successful enough. He also marshals evidence to show that science has laid claim to successes it has not deserved. For example, the wild rabbits of Brazil are unperturbed by myxomatosis, with which they live in neighbourly association. When myxomatosis was introduced into Australia, however, the mortality rate was more than 99 per cent., and it killed large numbers of rabbits there just as it did in Europe and in Great Britain. But there were some survivors, and these castaways, left 'on the beach', as it were, after the disaster have become increasingly immune to the disease. And, so says Dr. Dubos, if rabbits ever come to write their own history, they might claim that it was through some conscious, public-health step of their own that mastery over myxomatosis was achieved. And when we make claims (which, in fact, scientists do not do)

that it is scientific medicine that has overcome the hazards of measles and the sweating sickness, we are no wiser than the rabbits.

It is, of course, true that there are diseases about which science can as yet do little—a cold is all too common an example—and there are others, the virulence of which has waned without human intervention. This is not to say, however, that Pasteur and Koch and Lister have lived in vain, or that the lives saved by vaccination, immunization, antibiotics and chemotherapy have not been worth saving. But Dr. Dubos does not say this. Nor does he comment on the breathing space enjoyed by the Australians in their battle with the rabbits.

It is true that the successes of applied science and technology have had a dangerous tendency to blind people to the nature of what science is—a particular kind of thinking depending on a particular type of evidence. Yet science, while it fails to provide any guidance on how to behave or how to enjoy the material benefits it provides, does in fact give substantial material benefits. Besides the celestial silks of nylon, the delights of emulsion paints and detergents, and the convenience of telephones and jet aircraft, it has also provided for much of the world freedom from famine and pestilence. Dr. Dubos looks askance at antibiotics and synthetic drugs and hormones, and reminds us that a few centuries ago people in Scandinavia had learned the secret of eating a 'holy mushroom', *amanita muscaria*, under the influence of which they fought unprotected and terrorized their opponents.

It is all very well to denigrate science if one is a Zulu with plenty of room. But for ordinary people today, the products of science are a big convenience. Granted that over-confident scientists may sometimes behave like barbarians, anti-science still seems to me to smack of the new nihilism.—*Third Programme*

The Appeal to Common Sense

J. H. JACQUES on the philosophers Thomas Reid and G. E. Moore

ONE of the crucial influences on modern philosophy has been the appeal to Common Sense made by the late Professor G. E. Moore. Moore's greatness lies largely in the fact that he had the courage to make such an appeal, and the analytic ability to make philosophers take it seriously. But Moore was not the first to seek in Common Sense a return to philosophic sanity. He had been anticipated in this by the eighteenth-century Scottish philosopher Dr. Thomas Reid, who succeeded Adam Smith as Professor of Moral Philosophy at Glasgow. The similarity between the teaching of the two men makes it worth while to attempt some comparison of their work.

Reid and Moore were both convinced that no philosophic theory could ever escape the judgment of Common Sense, for a philosophy which opposed Common Sense could not be consistently maintained in life and behaviour as well as in speculation. For example, philosophers could produce what theories they liked to prove that time was unreal, but at the end of their lectures they looked at their watches and worked out how much time they had to wait for trains, just like other men. It was only in the rarefied atmosphere of academic discussion that they dared advance their startling paradoxes. Observation of their normal behaviour in ordinary life proved that they regulated their conduct by the same common-sense maxims that other people unquestioningly accepted. Reid takes an almost perverse pleasure in showing that no one could really live his everyday life in accordance with the sceptical conclusions of Hume's theory of knowledge. He insists that a philosophy which comes so violently in conflict with the opinions by which men live must be wrong and based upon false premises. It is not Common Sense which is confused and illusory, but the philosophic theories which contradict it.

This appeal to Common Sense is certainly a rough and ready way to resolve philosophic difficulties but it is open to the attack that it so adulterates philosophy with platitudes as to trivialize it.

Moore begins his famous essay 'A Defence of Common Sense' with a list of what he calls truisms, such as the one which asserts that I possess a body which at one time was much smaller than it is now. These certainly do not sound like important philosophic doctrines. The ordinary man who began his study of philosophy with some of the writings of Professor Moore, or Dr. Reid, might well be led to express his amazement at the fact that all his life he had been enunciating profound philosophic truths without being aware of their importance.

Of course, both Reid and Moore knew that not everything ordinary people believed would pass as necessary truth. Much of what Common Sense taught in the past is now discredited, and statements which we now accept without a question will have doubt thrown on them in the future. Nevertheless both philosophers were convinced that there are a number of truths which everybody accepts as the basis for their everyday thought and conduct. It is useless for philosophers to deny these truths, because their denial could be only verbal; in practice they live by them like everybody else.

Both Reid and Moore rest their ultimate defence of Common Sense on the two closely connected facts that there are a number of truths which everybody believes and that it is impossible not to believe these truths. The teaching of Common Sense is thus supported on the two pillars of general acceptance and irresistibility. Moore is clear that the beliefs of Common Sense are those undeniable truths, which are universally accepted, and his list of them reads like a list of platitudes. Yet he sternly resists the temptation to go beyond this and develop a more systematic account of Common Sense. For him, Common Sense is ultimate and it is part of his essential method not to tamper with Common Sense but to accept it.

With Reid the situation is slightly more complicated. He certainly starts his philosophy where Moore starts his; with the

ordinary opinions we all share. But he goes beyond this to give us a systematic account of ordinary opinion, working it out in terms of a genuine Philosophy of Common Sense. Reid differs from Moore in making the phrase Common Sense a technical expression in his philosophy. He uses the word 'sense' to mean 'judgment' and by Common Sense he means both the ordinary judgments that all are agreed upon, and also the general principles of all our knowledge.

Basic Principles

Whereas Moore always uses Common Sense to mean ordinary opinion, Reid sometimes takes it in that sense; but generally he means by it the basic principles upon which all our judgments are based. For he is convinced that in all our thinking and knowing, certain universal judgments are involved and these general truths have an obvious and unquestionable validity and application. Reid gives a whole list of these, and among them are not only the *a priori* truths of mathematics and logic, but also a considerable number of general contingent truths, which he is certain must lie at the basis of all our empirical knowledge. Such first principles, for example, guarantee the existence of the external world, with its material objects in causal relationships. They assure us too of the permanence of the self, the existence of other minds and the freedom of the will. The truth of these first principles could never be proved because it would already have to be assumed before any attempt could be made to prove it. They are in fact part of the general furniture of the mind, and we accept them for no other reason than that it is impossible to doubt them and they are in fact universally believed.

This is certainly to take Common Sense further than Moore was prepared to go. For him Common Sense was really outside philosophy and provided the material for the philosopher to get to work on. To attempt to systematize Common Sense would be to distort it and lay oneself open to the charge that one was giving to Common Sense a meaning other than that which it bears in ordinary speech. For Reid, too, ordinary opinion provides the philosopher with his raw material, but he believes that this material can be worked over in such a way as to provide us with a whole philosophy of Common Sense. By so doing he lays himself open to the charge that what his philosophy means by Common Sense is not to be equated with what the man in the street means by it. This is a charge which Moore is careful not to lay himself open to.

On the other hand, in Reid's defence it might be argued that in producing his first principles of knowledge he was anticipating certain contemporary philosophers, who are beginning to feel a new interest in metaphysics as the examination of the concepts and directives, which underlie our interpretation of our experience of the world. Reid saw that ordinary opinion was based upon a structure of underlying assumptions and principles, which it is the business of philosophy to examine and express. In his list of the principles of Common Sense, Reid exposes a good many of these and does so with commendable skill. Unfortunately, having disclosed the conceptual system of the educated eighteenth-century mind, Reid, like Kant, endowed it with immutable validity. The modern successors of Moore are more modest, but at least they are coming to see that metaphysics, as Reid endeavoured to practise it, is a legitimate occupation for the philosopher.

Importance of Language

Reid also anticipated twentieth-century philosophy by the importance he attaches to language and its effect upon our thought. He shares with Moore the conviction that a sense of loyalty to ordinary usage would help to keep philosophers from vain speculations and impossible flights of fancy. Neither of them thought that every instance of ordinary linguistic usage could be taken as an infallible guide to truth. But Moore was sure that philosophic language strayed from ordinary usage at its peril.

There is still much vigorous dispute as to exactly what is involved in Moore's appeal to ordinary language. It would, however, seem clear that Moore saw in the appeal to ordinary language one way of getting at our ordinary everyday beliefs. As always he is operating on a restricted front, and only by forcing what he says can any attempt at a general philosophy of language be found in his works. Most of the time he is content

to take the greatest possible care to make sure that his understanding of the ordinary use of a word or phrase is as accurate as possible. Here again we find that Reid takes the matter further than Moore. He agrees that language is a valuable guide to valid everyday opinion and that there is a close and important connexion between the way we talk and the way we think. Going beyond this he sees that the presuppositions of our thinking are built into the structure of our language. Grammar and usage were founded on our commonly accepted view of the world and so could be taken as evidence as to what that commonly accepted view was. Implied in the way we use words is a system of metaphysical first principles corresponding to the Principles of Common Sense. Reid is here insisting on two points: first that the structure of our language is built round our metaphysical beliefs, and second that these beliefs are common to all men everywhere.

In support of this he alleges the correspondence between the grammatical and syntactical usage of different languages which makes translation possible. This reveals that even when men think in different tongues, their minds must work on similar lines. The identical structure of different languages reveals the common principles by which the mind is forced to operate. It is true that Reid's examples of this correspondence between languages are all taken from the ancient and modern speech of the Western world. Recent research has disclosed languages built on other basic principles, which mirror a view of the external world rather different from that held by minds conditioned by the long intellectual inheritance of western Europe. In the light of this, the appeal to ordinary linguistic usage as the norm for philosophy cannot be pressed today as it was by Reid and Moore. But Reid is surely right in asserting that a group of metaphysical assumptions about the world is implied in every language. He was wrong in deducing from this that all languages had the same metaphysical directives built into them. Anthropological and linguistic research is suggesting that this is far from being the case.

Sense Data and Material Objects

Like Moore, Reid is convinced that Common Sense demands a realist theory of knowledge, and, like Moore, he was obliged to achieve his Common Sense realism in a way far removed from anything Common Sense could possibly suggest. Moore was always in trouble trying to relate his sense data to material objects. He could see that there was more in perception than sensation, but never quite succeeded in describing what it was. Reid had the same problem, but he thought he had solved it. He saw that all perception consisted of sensation and judgment, and he cut the Gordian knot by asserting that it is the judgment and not the sensation which relates the mind to its external object and assures us of the real existence of that object.

In effect, Reid turns the realism of the ordinary empirical position upside down. He does not take the judgment involved in perception and justify it by an appeal to sensation or sense data. He does not, for instance, defend the statement that 'this is an oak table', by saying that I have sensations of hardness, colour, texture, and so on, which lead me to infer that this is an oak table. He actually works the other way round. For he defends my perception of the oak table by an appeal to my judgment about it.

The curious thing about Reid is that although he is such a thorough-going realist, his realism lies in his readiness to accept judgment, rather than sensation, as the basis of our contact with the external world. From the subjective sensation the mind leaps to its knowledge of the external world by means of the judgment. This judgment is made possible because, in the principles of Common Sense, the mind is possessed of the means to make it. Common Sense provides the general and self-evident basis from which the particular judgments of perception are derived. The sensation triggers off the complicated process of perception by bringing the general principles of Common Sense to bear upon the particular object perceived.

Reid is the avowed enemy of any theory of knowledge which would begin with simple sensations or sense data and build them up into the complicated structures of perception by a process of mental construction. He is sure that the mind does not work like that. We start with a complex act of awareness, in which a total object is presented. By a process of analysis we can break

(concluded on page 715)

You lift lid



Bonnet lid, or boot? Boot!

*Inside see spanner, jack. Old newspaper, gardening glove lurking.
Dead match, dead mouse, dead resolution. Alas.*

Nobody looking . . . lift lid again.

Click, whoosh. Why so light? Why so smooth firm easy?
Counterpoised. Contra-balanced. Cantilevered. Spring assisted.
When up, up. When down, down.
When only half-way up, neither one nor tother.
Wilmot Breeden research. Clever.

Boots, boots, boots, boots, movin' up an' down again.

Be serious. When up, up. Kick, shout, bang with clenched fist . . . Stays up.
Cardinal virtue. When downing simple routine.
Lift and lower (telescopic support).
Or press and lower (spring-loaded hingery).
All types. All Wilmot Breeden. Click!

Some day, clear out boot. Must. Burn paper. Bury mouse.
Meanwhile thank Wilmot Breeden smooth, light, easy, not chop fingers.
Boot-supports. Boot locks, too. Bumpers. Door locks, mechanisms.
Window winders. Wilmot Breeden. Radiator grill, maybe? May well be.
Good.

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B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

April 13-19

Wednesday, April 13

The Minister of Defence announces that the development of the Blue Streak ballistic missile as a military weapon is to cease. The Opposition tables a motion of censure on the Government for refusing to hold an inquiry

The High Court awards £360 damages to a man expelled from the Electrical Trades Union, and declares that he is still a member

The bakers' strike in Northern Ireland ends

Thursday, April 14

It is announced that Britain has approached America about obtaining a Polaris missile for the Navy

In Johannesburg about 150 Africans are fined £300 each, with the alternative of three years in prison, for taking part in the campaign against the laws on passes

A levy on bookmakers is recommended by a committee set up by the Home Secretary

Friday, April 15

Britain and France agree to collaborate on a programme of development in the air, including a vertical take-off aircraft

Saturday, April 16

The President of the National Union of Teachers tells the union's annual conference at Blackpool that many thousand more teachers would be needed to reduce the size of classes and to raise the school-leaving age

Dr. Kutchuk, leader of the Turkish community in Cyprus, says that the island will need about £50,000,000 in aid over the next five years

Sunday, April 17

Country and seaside resorts are reported to be crowded for the Easter holiday

The South African cricket team arrives in London

Monday, April 18

The Automobile Association reports that casualties on the roads for the first three days of Easter were double those of last year. Traffic jams include one stretching for twenty-three miles

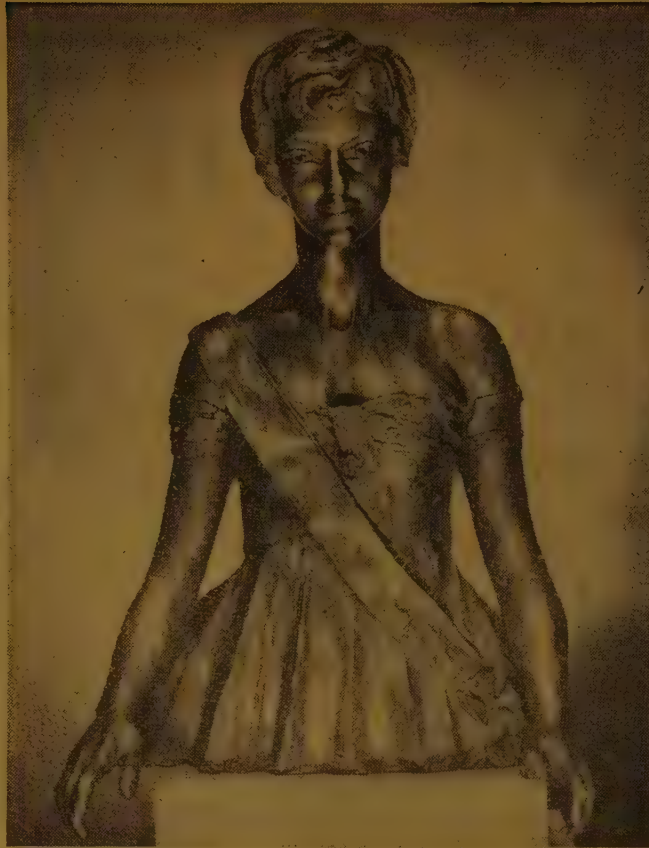
President de Gaulle leaves France for a State Visit to Canada and the United States

Tuesday, April 19

South African Government invites United Nations Secretary-General to visit South Africa for consultations

Martial law is proclaimed in Seoul and four other towns in South Korea following demonstrations in which police opened fire

Cool reception in Delhi for Mr. Chou En-lai as he arrives for talks with Mr. Nehru



A sculpture in bronze of Princess Margaret by the late Sir Jacob Epstein. The bust, which was commissioned by the University College of North Staffordshire of which Princess Margaret is President, was completed shortly before the sculptor's death last year. It will be on view at the Royal Academy's Summer Exhibition, which opens on April 30

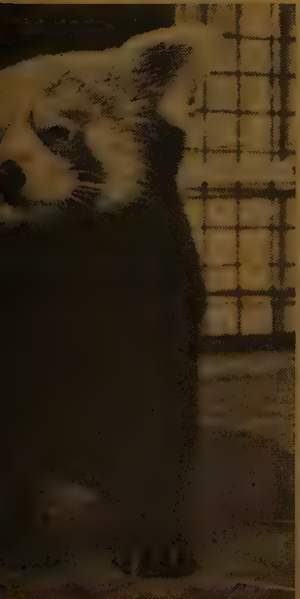


A demonstration at London Airport on Sunday against the policy of *apartheid* as members of the South African cricket team left the airport in a coach. On Easter Monday a crowd of some 60,000 took part in a rally Trafalgar Square to protest against Britain having nuclear weapons. The demonstration was the climax of a march which started on Good Friday from the Atomic Weapons Research Establishment at Aldermaston, Berkshire



Her Royal Highness Princess Alexandra talking to airmen in their club when she made a tour of the Royal Air Force station at Wattisham, Suffolk, last week

both the Queen Mother inspect-
ed of the Yeomen of the Guard
Westminster Abbey on April 14
during the Royal Maundy on
Queen to thirty-four aged men
Her Majesty is accompanied by
bott, the Dean of Westminster



f a pair of tree-climbing pandas
y arrived at the London Zoo
and who proved a great attrac-
ors over the bank holiday. It
niest Easter recorded at Kew
since 1949



Westwood Manor, a fifteenth-century house near Bradford-on-Avon, Wiltshire, which has been acquired by the National Trust. The house, which contains much elaborate plaster work and panelling added in the early seventeenth century, will be open to the public again when repairs have been completed

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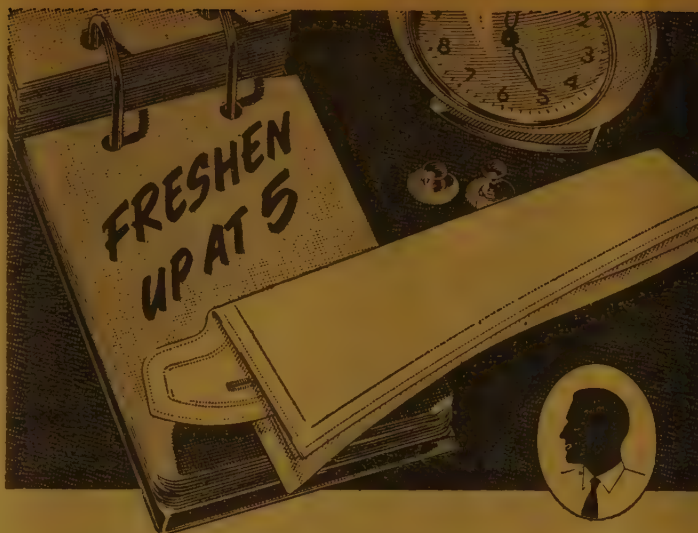
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(concluded from page 710)

this into its component parts: judgment, sensation, notion, and so on. But these do not come into the mind first. They are only known as the result of painstaking analysis and few people ever come across them at all. Knowledge is not built up out of sensations as a wall is made of bricks. Reid believed it was because his immediate predecessors had seen the mind as working in this molecular way that they had failed to produce anything remotely like a convincing theory of knowledge.

To study Reid is to realize that, as with Moore later, it was the extraordinary things that philosophers said which stimulated him to work at philosophic problems for himself. Moore has put it on record that it was not reality, but the extraordinary things philosophers said about it, which made him work at philosophy. In the same way, in Reid, again and again, we come across expressions of shocked surprise at what Locke, Berkeley, and in particular Hume, have brought themselves to say about the nature of

the universe. But whereas Moore is content to examine each strange philosophic statement separately, and expose its confusion, Reid in his more systematic way sees all the perplexities as emanating from one source which he calls the Theory of Ideas.

Reid will not accept the notion that what is before the mind, when it thinks or knows, is an idea. Ideas are not objects at all, not even objects for the mind. They are mental processes. If we start with the assumption that the mind can know only ideas, we shall automatically make it impossible for minds ever to be in contact with external reality at all. We shall be forced either to insert a film of ideas between the mind and reality, as Locke did, or else to reduce reality to a series of mental constructions, as Reid alleges Hume was driven to do. The strange idealism of Berkeley, and the incredible scepticism of Hume, need never have seen the light of day to startle and contradict Common Sense, if philosophers had not been hypnotized by the theory that the mind could be in contact with its own ideas.

Once break the hold which the unnecessary theory of ideas had over philosophy, and a return to Common Sense would not be long delayed.

The great merit of both these philosophers lies in their undistracted determination to be loyal to the appeal to Common Sense. They help us to see how far such an appeal is philosophically legitimate, and how far it is impossible, because in the end the very defence of Common Sense leads us to elaborate theories which cannot possibly be squared with it. For a thinker who erects Common Sense into a philosophic court of summary jurisdiction cannot refuse to be judged by it. Reid and Moore sometimes have the appearance of skilled barristers pleading before amateur magistrates, and dazzling them with the virtuosity of their presentation of their case. Nevertheless they express themselves with exemplary clarity and cannot fail to make us aware of the attractions and dangers involved when philosophy appeals to Common Sense.

—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

'Art and Illusion'

Sir,—You have given such generous space to my book *Art and Illusion* (THE LISTENER, April 14) that I hesitate to ask for more. Unfortunately the views on representation discussed approvingly by Sir Herbert Read and your leader are not mine. The context, moreover, in which my friend Dr. Anton Ehrenzweig referred to my book in his broadcast on 'The Fear of Realism' threatens to increase the misunderstanding. May I therefore draw the attention of those of your readers who are interested to the fact that I have argued against the widespread idea that the subjectivity of vision precludes objective standards of representational accuracy (pages 89 and 298-9)? While I have disclaimed any intention of explaining the course of stylistic developments (page 388) I have tried to sketch an answer to Sir Herbert's question of 'how art ever began in man's development' (pages 103-6 and 313-4). I also referred to such 'unconscious factors' as I thought relevant to my restricted argument on pages 35 and 383-6.

This is not to deny that the points raised by Sir Herbert must be of absorbing interest to any student of art; but I have tried to make it clear in my sub-title that this particular study concerns the 'Psychology of Pictorial Representation' rather than what Focillon called the 'Life of Forms'. On page 7 I declared myself 'anxious to emphasize as explicitly as I possibly can that this book is not intended as a plea, disguised or otherwise, for the exercise of illusionist tricks in painting today'.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.W.3

E. H. GOMBRICH

Bodies and Minds

Sir,—It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the relationship between mind and body is the fundamental issue of human existence, but it seems that the more it is discussed the less it

is understood and I hope to be excused if I read Mr. W. F. R. Hardie's broadcast (THE LISTENER, April 14) with a growing sense of frustration.

Epiphenomenalism appears to be singularly unsatisfactory. It is philosophically untenable, because it rests on the assumption that the basic datum of our experience is matter, which is patently untrue. The existence and properties of matter are only inferred from our states of mind. Therefore *philosophically* brain is secondary to mind. Whether they can or cannot exist without each other is really beside the point. It is not possible to construct a living brain, to see if it will develop a mind. Certain parapsychological phenomena indicate, if they do not prove, that a mind may exist without a brain, but it seems unnecessary to embark on this controversial topic. The point is that epiphenomenalism is a useless hypothesis; it has no explanatory power. It merely panders to the metaphysical prejudice that the only reality is matter.

This assumption is philosophically impossible and scientifically unnecessary. Quite apart from the trivial fact that matter and energy are one and the somewhat transcendental character of sub-atomic particles, what are the basic attributes of the physical universe studied by science? These basic attributes are four: massiveness, which manifests itself as inertia and gravitation; electrical potential; magnetic potential; and time measurable in terms of change in the other three measurable attributes.

Now let us take the idea of epiphenomenalism. Is it massive? Has it a magnetic or electric field, or is it even definable in terms of change of these quantities? Obviously no. It is not even a secondary property in the meaning in which red colour is a secondary property physiologically associated with a certain range of frequencies of electromagnetic vibration. A Chinese will use different symbols and sounds from an Englishman to evoke the same idea.

That thinking of it is associated with certain physical changes in the brain is without question true, but there is no one-to-one correlation between these and the idea itself. We have no right to assume that the brain has here any other function than a typewriter or wireless in transmitting this idea to other consciousnesses (which, incidentally, are thus made to participate in experiences not related to their bodies). In other words, it is only a tool. The idea of epiphenomenalism remains non-physical.

I think the approach is wrong. Mind is the primary datum of our experience (*cogito ergo sum*). Therefore it is real. Therefore there exists a psychic or mental continuum having attributes distinct from those accessible to measurement by the methods of present-day physics. There must, however, exist a point of contact or modulus of transformation which enables interaction to take place between the mental and the physical continuum. Possibly PK or telekinesis provides the answer. It may be possible to construct a machine whereby mental or psychic energy can be transformed into measurable change of physical attributes. Such an apparatus already exists. It is the human brain.

Yours, etc.,

V. A. FIRSOFF

The World We Have Lost

Sir,—'The World We Have Lost' of Mr. Peter Laslett (THE LISTENER, April 7) survives to some extent in the pattern of rural life in parts of Ireland.

A few weeks ago we received a visit from the wife of a farmer in County Monaghan, who told us that they provide their labourers with breakfast, dinner, and tea, served in the house, even when married with their own homes. We were given to understand that this was the custom of her countryside.—Yours, etc.,

Dalkey

RICHARD MANSFIELD

The Lost Art of Wall-painting

By L. D. ETTLINGER

PEOPLE who have visited the magnificent exhibition of Tuscan wall-paintings in the Fortezza del Belvedere in Florence must have been exhilarated and saddened at the same time. Exhilarated, because they found assembled—sensitively restored and well displayed—fine examples of a lost great art; saddened because, in order to be preserved, these murals had been taken from their proper surroundings. As time goes on, more and more frescoes are bound to suffer this fate. Yet murals, unlike easel paintings, are always part of an ensemble and should be seen in the buildings and on the very walls for which they were originally conceived.

Dr. Eve Borsook's book* is therefore a timely publication. She discusses and illustrates a selection of Tuscan mural paintings from Cimabue to Andrea del Sarto, or perhaps it would be more apposite to say from the decorations in the Upper Church at Assisi, dating from the late thirteenth century, to the frescoes round the Chiostro dello Scalzo in Florence (1515-26). For she treats less of painters and paintings and rather of monuments adorned with murals. Assisted by a splendid team of photographers from the Soprintendenza of Fine Arts for Florence, Arezzo and Pistoia, she took new sets of photographs which are a credit both to her sensitive eye and to the skill of these photographers. The plates in this book bring to life Tuscan mural painting in its proper setting as far as reproductions can achieve this at all: first we see a whole chapel, next a single wall, and finally judiciously chosen details. These plates are not only scholarly records, they echo an aesthetic experience as we go from the general to the particular, from the ensemble to the head of a saint or to a lively scene in the background of a large fresco.

The book is not a corpus of Tuscan wall-paintings but a selection from the great wealth of murals in that province and the choice has been made with great care and good sense. Almost all the well-known and artistically important frescoes are reproduced and discussed; we must be particularly grateful for the new photographs of such pearls as Simone Martini's Montefiore Chapel in Assisi or those of the far too little known Barna series in the Collegiata at S. Gimignano. Nevertheless, we must regret that Dr. Borsook omitted for various reasons some famous examples and we hope that in a future edition—and this is a book which should run through many editions—the St. Francis cycle in the Upper Church in Assisi and Gozzoli's frescoes in the Medici Chapel (to name only two) will be included for the sake of the record.

Yet this is not just another pretty picture book. Dr. Borsook has written an important introduction of some twenty-five pages and also

a further thirty-five pages of extended notes to all her plates. She says that the nature of mural painting requires a broad vision and she herself brings such a vision to the introduction.

Dr. Borsook begins by reminding us that fresco painting seems to have been a form of expression particularly congenial to Tuscan artists for well over two centuries. Giotto,

capital of Italy with which no other city, except Venice, could hold its own.

Yet the author does more than write a social history of mural decoration. With rare sensitivity she links the development of fresco painting to the development of Italian architecture. Giotto's Scrovegni Chapel was planned for fresco decoration from the outset; in the churches adorned

by Simone Martini and other Sienese painters, wall decorations were an integral part, but Florentine painters of the fifteenth century came into conflict with a new architectural style inimical to pictorial decoration. Brunelleschi's and Alberti's churches had to be unadorned, and it is often forgotten that the most celebrated quattrocento frescoes were put on the walls of much older churches.

The most original and stimulating part of the introduction is to be found in Dr. Borsook's fascinating description of the intricate and changing techniques of fresco painting. Through partial destruction of frescoes during the last war and from the refinements of methods in restoration, we have gained new insights into the processes of fresco painting. A lucky find revealed a rough sketch for one of Cimabue's angels, drawn directly on to the stone wall; in the trecento, fresco painters seem to have worked from outline sketches on the rough plaster which, while working, were covered with the top layer of finer plaster carrying the colours, the so-called *intonaco*. These red ochre sketches are among the most exciting finds of recent years and they are of special interest where we can compare them with the finished fresco, now often lifted off. Dr. Borsook reproduces such *sinopia* drawings with their frescoes. It is interesting to speculate what feats of visual memory on the part of the artist this procedure must have required, for pricked cartoons for the

tracing of certain details came into use only gradually, and before 1400 we do not seem to have small sketches setting out a whole composition. Dr. Borsook does not treat these technical matters separately, as is so often done in histories of art. She demonstrates again and again how style and technique conditioned one another, and makes it clear that we cannot understand the one without also grasping the other. All this is valuable information (which, by the way, is nowhere else so palatably presented) but while apparently discussing technique, the author conveys to the reader something essential about the character of these mural paintings.

This is a book which should appeal to a wide audience. If appreciation requires both knowledge and enthusiasm, Dr. Borsook will be an excellent guide to Tuscan mural painting. She writes as an expert, but she is informative without ever becoming didactic or dull.



Simone Martini: entrance to the Montefiore Chapel, Lower Church of San Francesco, Assisi

Masaccio and Michelangelo all came from Tuscany and 'have become synonymous with that grandiose outlook which gave to old biblical stories and new civic and personal ideals an expression at once monumental yet humane'. She traces the development of this art from the rather sudden arrival of the great mural schemes at Assisi and Padua—designed 'to instruct, to admonish, to exalt, and to decorate'—right through to the heroic style of Andrea del Sarto with whom the great age of mural decoration in Tuscany came to an end. She makes it clear that this history was no chance development, no unaccountable flowering of an artistic vision. Widespread building activity round 1300, a new spirit in religious teaching and a new desire for artistic splendour led to the evolution of monumental mural decoration. In the sixteenth century, on the other hand, Rome—more than ever since classical antiquity—became the artistic

* *The Mural Painters of Tuscany from Cimabue to Andrea del Sarto*. By Eve Borsook. Phaidon Press. £2 10s.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

In Search of Humanity

By Alfred Cobban. Cape. 32s. 6d.

Reviewed by MAURICE CRANSTON

THIS BOOK IS a history of the Enlightenment, a sympathetic, or more exactly, a defensive history. The Enlightenment is no longer popular, and an author who takes Professor Cobban's attitude has perforce to apologize. The unpopularity is largely the consequence of disappointed hopes. People can no longer believe that Science will save us, or that Progress is assured; and since the philosophers of the Enlightenment are supposed to have authorized those expectations, the subsequent melancholy history of the world is commonly thought to have refuted them: people feel, in some way, cheated.

Professor Cobban's book shows, among other things, that the theorists of the Enlightenment were by no means as naive, or as superficial, as their reputation suggests; though he gives us cause to wonder whether they were really quite what they believed themselves to be. He argues in the case of some of them—of Voltaire, conspicuously—that their hatred of cruelty was stronger, and more authentic, than their much-vaunted 'love of truth'. Indeed perhaps it must be said that the greatest achievement of the Enlightenment was to have made people cease to take cruelty for granted. The philosophers could do this only because they had already ceased to take conventional beliefs for granted. The burning of witches, for example, could not easily be resisted if such women were really in communion with the Devil. But once there is doubt about the existence of the Devil, and the possibility of communion with him, and hence the reality of witchcraft, there ceases to be any motive, or desire, for burning. Again, when the extraction of confessions by torture was believed to be the only means of controlling crime, people tended to accept torture; but when other means of controlling crime were found to stand the test of experience, and when experience was believed to be a better teacher than the 'wisdom of the ages', torture, as an instrument of justice, went out of fashion—at any rate in those countries which felt the impact of the Enlightenment. Thus the Enlightenment enlarged the humanity of men, so to speak, indirectly, by taking away the notions which justified their inhumanity.

In general, it is hard to determine how far the Enlightenment represented a victory—albeit, in Professor Cobban's view, a partial victory—of Reason. For Reason is so ambiguous a concept: and at least two of the greatest thinkers of the Enlightenment, Rousseau and David Hume, subordinated Reason to other principles: Rousseau to nature, Hume to what he called the passions. For the rest, the fashionable rationalism, in France especially, was that of Locke and not of Descartes; the rationalism which is empirical, piecemeal, moderate—in a word reasonable—rather than that which seeks to embrace all things in a perfectly logical system. And although the eighteenth century was a time of relative security, it is striking how its philoso-

phers tended either (like Locke) to cling anxiously to the vestiges of Christianity, or (with Hume) to betray a certain grim determination in holding to their atheism.

Towards the end of his book Professor Cobban says: 'For a century and a half the Western democracies have been living on the achievements of the Enlightenment and on the stock of basic political ideas that were last restated towards the end of the eighteenth century'. Here, one must protest, he does less than justice to the past 160-odd years, which have not lacked originality, which have at least yielded the 'basic' ideas of modern socialism, nationalism and imperialism. Where these ideas are not wholly alien to the spirit of the Enlightenment, they are but crudely adumbrated in its theories: yet all have permeated the ethos of the Western democracies, for the better or the worse, in recent decades. Professor Cobban, who is a pleasing and persuasive writer, may be forgiven a historian's partiality for this period; but his 'search for humanity' does seem to have been conducted in too circumscribed a field. Humanity—whether it is thought of in terms of humanism or humaneness—is something more than the Enlightenment, even as the Enlightenment itself is something more than the eighteenth century.

Fort Jesus and the Portuguese in Mombasa. By C. R. Boxer and Carlos de Azevedo. Hollis and Carter. 21s.

Most of us who derive our knowledge of the early Portuguese contacts with East Africa from reading Camoens can hardly have known of the superb monument to their rule along the Swahili coast left by the immense Fort Jesus at Mombasa. But this is now undergoing restoration, through the munificence of the Gulbenkian Foundation; and in the second half of this book we are given a detailed and scholarly account of the fortress. From this it is clear that, like most Renaissance achievements, it goes back for its inspiration to Italy, and the high architectural theories that found expression, with varying inflexions, in buildings from Berwick-on-Tweed to Goa. Senhor de Azevedo indeed points out that the new style had seen early experiments in England around 1540; these received their fullest development with Berwick in the fifteenthies. Fort Jesus, on the Indian Ocean, was built in 1593 and secured Portuguese dominance in the region for a century.

Until its building Portugal was a purely maritime power upon that coast. Her interest was in commerce, and Professor Boxer points out, with understandable partiality, how extraordinary was the achievement and the impression made by this small people, who never had more than a hundred whites in the fortress to control the region. It is salutary at this moment that he should remind us that though a disruptive force on that coast, the Portuguese were not the worst. Nor was its decline wholly their doing—there was the feuding among the Swahili, the hostility between Malindi and Mombasa, the devastations wrought by the can-

nibal Zimba and marauding Galla from the interior. Bloodthirsty as the three-cornered strife was, there is no reason to suppose that it would have been less so without the Portuguese intervention.

And, on the other side, what an astonishing *épopée* Portugal's was in that century, and all by a small nation of not much more than 1,000,000. When the decline is ascribed to corruption and officialdom, one might also remember the smallness of the resources that achieved so much.

Professor Boxer has made himself the master of this fascinating and diverse field; we have reason to be grateful for the harvest he is garnering in such interesting books, fresh, vivacious and original.

A. L. ROWSE

The Dust of Combat: a Life of Charles Kingsley. By R. B. Martin.

Faber. 25s.

Charles Kingsley has always appealed to Americans. They were kind to him when he was alive, and they have served his memory well. The best life of him written hitherto is that of Mrs. Thorp, published in the United States in 1937. Mr. Martin, of Princeton, now offers us another, almost as good in quality and at some points more extensively informed.

To the Englishman of today Kingsley is an uncomfortable figure: strident, at times hysterical, a pugnacious defender of what are now ordinarily considered as bad causes—the cause of Britain in the Crimea and the relentless suppression of the Indian Mutiny, for example. He was vehemently illiberal towards Roman Catholics, and he made the mistake of engaging in controversy with Newman, a great man who is subject to somewhat uncritical admiration today. It is tempting therefore for an Englishman to write him off—like a more disquieting genius, Carlyle—as foolish and wrong-headed, the representative of a bad Victorian tradition. An American, on the other hand, can see him as an outsider, can regard this noisy Britisher with a cool, amused detachment. Given good will and understanding, it is easier for him to do Charles Kingsley justice.

Yet the task can never be simple: for Kingsley's thought and writing are extraordinarily alien to us. How can he have written such contorted nonsense about sex and religion, such clumsy twaddle about artists, and at the same time have proclaimed so sanely the fundamental importance of new housing and sanitary reform? In literary terms, how are we to explain the vividness and power of some parts of his novels and the stagey deadness of the rest? It is not merely that he was an unequal writer, hasty and not self-critical. He seems almost to have two or three minds, at work simultaneously; and in that he reflects the turgid and passionate debates of his age.

Mr. Martin makes a plain, clear tale of his life. Although the odious word 'meaningful' occurs in his second sentence, the book is not in fact written in the jargon of sociology. It

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hardly does justice to Kingsley's writing. Like others who find *Westward Ho!* uncongenial, Mr. Martin fails to account for its obstinately continuing success. On the other hand he deals admirably with Kingsley's work as a parish priest; and no one has written more fairly of the famous controversy with Newman. Altogether, his book is the best account of Kingsley that we have.

It has, however, one curious fault. It is based on unpublished manuscripts, as well as on many printed sources, scattered and hard to find. Yet the book contains not one reference; merely a brief bibliography of published works. Many academic authors give us too much of their critical apparatus. Mr. Martin offers us too little to do justice to the extent of his own work or to give his successors the help they are entitled to expect from him.

JACK SIMMONS

Commonsense About Russia

By Robert Conquest.

Commonsense About China

By Guy Wint.

Commonsense About Africa

By Anthony Sampson.

Commonsense About India

By K. M. Panikkar.

Gollancz. 12s. 6d. each, cloth; 6s. each, paper.

The first four volumes in this new series could hardly be bettered, and they deserve a great success. Mr. Gollancz is to be congratulated on his choice of authors. They have done an admirable job in the comparatively short space allotted to each of them.

If I were forced to indicate my preference, I think I would put at the head of my list Mr. Sampson's sensitive and balanced account of developments in Africa, followed closely by Mr. Wint's brilliant essay on China. Mr. Sampson makes the point that the scramble for what was once known as the Dark Continent may well take the form of a contest between French-speaking Africa and English-speaking. While English-speaking Africans have been escaping from their roots, the *élite* among French-speaking Africans—who have been allowed and encouraged to become part of European society as English-speaking Africans never have—have had the opposite tendency: they are determined to be black. After partaking of the culture offered to them in Paris they are now turning back in their search for cultural independence.

Mr. Wint tells us what has happened in China during the present century. Nothing of significance seems to have been left out. Mr. Wint is a master of the telling phrase that forces the reader to stop and reflect. The Communists, he writes, 'belonged to a tradition in Chinese history—peasants in protest, undergoing romantic privations and shaking dynasties'. But 'without Marxism, a peasant revolt would have petered out as a gesture of despair, leaving nothing behind but massacre and ruin'. His description of the new China is of a country moving with breathless speed towards an American age of mass production designed to satisfy mass needs. Most striking of all, I think, is this analysis of the difference between Russian Communism and Chinese:

By the poor in Asia, China is regarded as the

exponent of a different kind of Communism from the Russian kind. Russian Communism is the relatively rich country's Communism. Chinese Communism is the poor man's Communism. It may seem to lie within reach of the poorest countries, while Russia, by contrast, is passing on to a Communism which is more interested in space travel than in redressing the wrongs of the starving.

I wonder if Mr. Panikkar would have written quite so hopefully about India's future if he had shared Mr. Wint's views on the relative attractions of Moscow and Peking. It is natural enough for a man to have an abounding faith in his own country and its future. But Mr. Panikkar's book left me with the uncomfortable feeling that his faith may well have carried him beyond the facts. Who is to bring about that essential transformation of Indian society—political, social and economic—if, as Mr. Panikkar says, the middle classes are being destroyed by penal taxation even before they have accomplished their historic mission?

Commonsense about Russia aims, in the publisher's words, 'at correcting stereotyped views—both favourable and unfavourable—about the Soviet Union'. And Mr. Conquest's book is, so to speak, purposefully balanced. It gives a fair account of all the changes for the better that have taken place in recent years. At the same time, it warns us that everything that can now be said about Mr. Khrushchev's moderation could have been said about Stalin at the comparable period; that it would be unrealistic to doubt the ruthlessness of the present rulers; and that we need to keep our eyes open. It cannot be doubted that new forces are stirring in Russia and that Mr. Khrushchev has been instrumental in releasing them. One would have more confidence in the apparent trend for the better if Mr. Khrushchev had found it possible to denounce Stalin's foreign policy in the same forthright terms as he condemned his domestic tyranny.

THOMAS BARMAN

Saints in Arms. By Leo F. Solt. Oxford, for Stanford University Press. 25s.

Recent work on English puritanism, the best of it from the U.S.A., has stressed its democratic connexions. Now, from California, Mr. Leo Solt, examining the notions of a group closely associated with the New Model Army, hitherto 'ironically' regarded as 'the nursery school of radical ideas', looks instead for authoritarian strains. It is not surprising that he finds them: his distinguished predecessors have been, perhaps, less indifferent than he supposes to the rich and complicated texture of puritan thinking. But he does ask some new questions and makes thoughtful answers. His puritans, not as it happens 'saints in arms' but six army chaplains, representative of 'a certain type of puritanism'—antinomianism—'close to the main stream', were well worth looking at.

Mr. Solt has little difficulty in showing that of the nine 'polarities of politico-religious thought' he distinguishes in them, in only three did a really democratic element prevail. But what weight should be given to each polarity is uncertain and Mr. Solt seems to me to be too ready to lighten the burden on those which had immediate concern with the political and economic reconstruction of society. These chaplains might wish to consider men not 'as the world doth . . . as they are *Tradesmen*, or

Gentlemen, or Scholars, or Clergymen' but, God does, 'as Believers, or Unbelievers'. practice this divine standard could be difficult to maintain. Though we can agree with Mr. Solt that their ideas derived directly from the theology, can we be sure that it was itself immune to the heat engendered by times which were 'going up like parchment in the fire'?

This book is short. Its arguments are tightly packed. Even on the third reading some of them still seem obscure. 'The voice of God', says Mr. Solt, 'was not always clear'. No, indeed, is his own.

IVAN ROOTS

One-Way Song. By Wyndham Lewis.

With a foreword by T. S. Eliot.

Methuen. 15s.

This is a reprint of a verse satire first published in 1933. Mr. Eliot's particularly evasive introduction informs us that it cannot properly be understood without some knowledge of Lewis's prose work, and suggests as prolegomena *The Wild Body*, *Time and Western Man* and *Childermass*. Doubtless when these works come to be reprinted we shall be referred to yet other for their elucidation, for this form of hunt-the-slipper is a favourite game in the literature of this period and this circle. We are also bidden to observe that *One-Way Song* is *verse*, not *poetry*; that only the very obtuse could dismiss the verse as *doggerel*; that the less respectable intellectuals call Lewis a fascist, the more respectable treat him to an uneasy silence. But there is no need for all this elaborate shuffling. Lewis's work has had a great deal of attention both before and after his death; anything less than a continuous clamour about it was regarded by himself and is still regarded by his friends as silence. He was a fascist, though he probably thought better of it later on. Most of *One-Way Song* is doggerel. And it springs from the same area as his prose pamphleteering, by now sufficiently familiar—to which it adds nothing whatever.

So far as any clear line can be discerned *One-Way Song* is an attack on the usual Wyndham Lewis targets—irrationalism, subjectivism, romanticism, the 'time-philosophy'; and the defect is the besetting one in all but Lewis's best satire, that the opposing virtues are so conspicuously absent. Perhaps there was some uneasiness about this. The original blurb, probably written or inspired by Lewis himself, goes half-way to meet the point: 'This considerable poem of 2,000 lines is in fact a series of four pieces. *The Song of Militant Romanism* is a lyrical statement of the Romantic attitude in art. There is no counterbalancing statement of the classical attitude. But in the body of this long succeeding piece, *If So the Man You Address*, a number of Boileau-like verses effect, without comment, the necessary contrast'. But they aren't Boileau-like, and they don't. The calls for order are lost in the clattering, braying, whinnying, cracking and barking that surround them. Meanwhile, the colossal pretensions of the performer, his conviction that he alone can do it right, becomes tedious, and the crowd drifts off. As a dramatic poem, we are told; but it is dramatic only in the sense that more than one voice speaks; we do not know whose voices they are, nor how they are related to each other, whom they are addressing or in what circumstances. In fact



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the presiding deity is muddle. Breaking crockery is easy; order and articulation are just too much trouble. A wealth of ideas, enormous fertility of illustration, verbal adroitness, gusts of energy—they are all there; but this display of peripheral vigour does not make up for the lack of central control; and no amount of sniping at the irrationalities of everybody else can disguise the lack of a rational stance on the part of the satirist himself. At its best Lewis's mastery of prose, and of the virtues that that implies, was so great that it quite subdued the railing and swashbuckling that spoils much of his writing; it was this alone that freed his formidable intelligence from the rancid arrogance in which it was entangled. In verse he has no such benefit of artistry. It is hard to see why this prolonged eructation from the 'thirties should be recalled now.

GRAHAM HOUGH

André Derain. By Denys Sutton.
Phaidon. 18s. 6d.

From being a name bandied with the best, a leader of the French *avant-garde* and an acknowledged creator in the modern art movement, Derain has become, as Denys Sutton observes in his study, 'to many, including some of his former admirers, little more than a discredited and half-forgotten figure, one who had been outpaced by events—the recluse of Chambourcy' (where, as the result of a motor accident, he died in 1954). Mr. Sutton, feeling this to be an undeserved oblivion, has undertaken the difficult task of breathing life into the cold bones of Derain's reputation. The moment is not propitious. As a member of the young generation which created 'modern art' in the early years of the century he has an historical claim on our attention. In the later period of his life, less flamboyantly than Chirico but quite as resolutely, he turned his working back on his contemporaries and, indulging an intellectual predilection for the Old Masters, produced what appeared to his critics to be mixed pastiches of catholic variety and quaint taste. This is so out of key with the present temper of abstract expressionism that his influence is now minimal and interest in him confined to his early contribution. It was therefore perhaps unwise of Mr. Sutton to attempt a justification of this later work; it may be that the responsibility of producing the first comprehensive study of Derain led him to this. In the event he hardly succeeds.

He claims that 'the tradition of quotation in painting is a distinguished one, and such borrowings do not destroy the validity of the composition'. Borrowings there have been which have not destroyed the validity of the composition; but it is dangerous ground, and more frequently the result has been to expose the lack of originality in the borrower. There is also a misty obscurity in the use of the word 'quotation' which hazes the line between imitation and influence. The 'quotations' in Derain after 1930 are numerous; in one short paragraph the Greco-Roman tradition in Hellenic and Cypriot sculpture, Florentine painting, Pompeii, early Caravaggio, Snyders and seventeenth-century Holland are cited. The range and number of these sources, whilst indicating the wide enquiry of Derain's mind, do not inspire great confidence in his originality—too much cast, not enough plot. Reference to the illustrations does not restore

confidence. In an evident desire not to show partiality for the early work, the author devotes the last quarter of these to painting after 1930, and here the patent borrowings are so coarsely handled as to make one doubt whether Derain himself can have regarded this work as anything other than painting 'in the manner of'.

Although the balance of the book is open to criticism, it should be said that this is a useful



Young Girl, 1914
From 'André Derain'

contribution to the understanding of Derain's attitude. Mr. Sutton has traced the course of his life and brought out what is probably his most important characteristic, an uncompromising analytical intelligence (it may be that this was his greatest pictorial handicap). His comments on contemporaries, and particularly those who have influenced him, are usually perceptive and sometimes startling. An example—'Cezanne bothers me. His desire for perfection is incompatible with the free play of thought. He seeks for the absolute but this search is opposed to the expansion of life'. Again, and certainly forthright, 'Cubism is really very stupid and increasingly revolts me'.

One final regret is that although Mr. Sutton mentions Derain's designs for ballet and his book illustrations of the later years, they are hardly adequately illustrated: one would like to have seen included sets for *Boutique* and Derain's own ballet *La Concurrence* as well as examples from, for instance, his *Pantagruel*.

TREWIN COPPLESTONE

The Ante-Room. By Lovat Dickson.
Macmillan. 21s.

Unpretentiously offered under the archaic subtitle 'Early Stages in a Literary Life', this turns out to be a pleasingly unusual book. It is the first volume of the autobiography of a publisher-and-author, and why Mr. Lovat Dickson has become this rather than author-and-publisher remains to be disclosed. In the meantime it has a shape of its own, though less of an ante-room than of a warren of experience in which one passage after another is tunnelled and abandoned.

The distinction of the book lies partly in its subject. Apprenticeship before the mast is not unfamiliar—the hard tack of earning and learn-

ing as clerk and farmhand, down the mine, the forces, the grandeurs and miseries of the local newspaper, the verbose essays and the articulate loves. But there is a secondary thread of peculiar interest in the author's extraction ('Canadian United Empire Loyalist'), his growth from child to man in Australasia, Rhodesia and Canada, with a schoolboy interlude at Berkhamsted ('because Godfrey Huggins's family lived there') during the world war. The man who at twenty-five was laid down the gang-plank to his chosen career in 'the England we all knew from Shakespeare and Dickens' is of a type and character that English writers have been too ignorant or too diffident to describe. As a self-portrait it might have been ruined by attitudinizing, by a wallowing engagement at the one extreme or a pseudo-analytic detachment at the other. These are just what Mr. Lovat Dickson's disarming, somewhat unfashionable way of writing avoids.

He has also (unless it be the novelist not entirely *manqué* who is at work) an uncanny length and precision of memory for smells, sensations, conversations and whole people. The Mashona boy Harry, the desperately patronising Elliotts of Montreal, the Professor of English at Edmonton with his classic methods of securing loyalty and success, fix themselves in favourite parts memorably acted. One finds oneself awaiting the second volume, which will clearly offer a different test, as if one stood beside the author on the Channel packet.

FRANCIS WATSON

A History of Greece to 322 B.C.
By N. G. L. Hammond.
Oxford. 35s.

The Greek Historians
Selected and edited by M. I. Finley.
Chatto and Windus. 30s.

Two generations of excavation, inspired guessing, and argument have substantially increased our understanding of Greek history. We no longer know more than Bury could have known, but we are also more conscious of our uncertainties. New generations ask new questions. When traditional views are in the melting-pot historians are too ready to confine themselves to limited problems and, as detailed discussions multiply, there is a danger of suffocation in our forests of footnotes. Dr. Hammond is to be congratulated for returning to the broad canvas. In a volume not too large to be comfortably handled he has given us a detailed history of the Greek peoples, including their literature, from their first appearance to their final eclipse by Macedonia.

This is a very individual book, based on close study of the sources and on much hard walking in all parts of Greece. It is designed for a wide public. There is no Greek script, and no technical knowledge is assumed, but Dr. Hammond has also in mind students at all levels from the sixth-former to the mature specialist. He would be disappointed if his views were not taken seriously by serious scholars, for this is no capitulation of orthodoxy.

His eye for country gives him a natural interest in the movement of armies. We may not always be as sure as he is that this is how the battle was fought, but we nearly always feel that this is how it might have been fought. Military history is unfashionable these days, but Greece was rarely at peace and the accent on fighting

justified. Similarly, we expect political and constitutional history to be heavily weighted, as they are here, because more people were more political in Greece than they have been in any other society. Nor should we complain too strongly that the economic aspects of history are not more heavily emphasized. The Greeks themselves were reticent in these matters, and have not left us the evidence which we need to answer the questions that interest us. The space allocated to literature is as much as could reasonably be afforded, but if more had been added about less it would have been better. Some chapters that begin interestingly tend to lose their impetus by crowding in too many names.

The only section of Greek history in which spectacular advances have been made by our generation is the second millennium B.C. Here Dr. Hammond is well abreast of recent research, and his assembly of the scattered fragments into coherent narrative is a good historical exercise. But until the chronology of the pottery is firmly established the relation of events firmly recorded in Hittite and Egyptian documents to Greek history remains insecure. Considerable revision will be needed if, as seems not unlikely, the fall of Troy is to be dated not later than 1250 B.C. rather than to Dr. Hammond's c. 1200 B.C. In the archaic period Dr. Hammond is likely to arouse most interest and most controversy. His sharp distinction between the character of early Dorian and Ionian development is new and invites discussion. His reconstruction of the stem of land tenure in Attica would solve some problems, but raise others. He is not overawed by the arguments that have recently convinced most historians to accept a much lower date for the early stages of Greek coinage, and he still prefers the ninth-century date for the introduction of the alphabet. New evidence may require changes when a second edition is prepared.

Many readers will probably enjoy Dr. Hammond most on the fourth century. In the age of Demosthenes he is at his best, both in his portraits and in his background. Philip is rightly rescued from Demosthenes, but he is given a moral stature that would perhaps have surprised even Aeschines. Demosthenes himself is harshly judged for the ends and means he followed, and we hear less of his 'moral grandeur' than of his opportunism and mistakes of judgment. The career of Alexander occupies less than fifty pages, but many long books on the subject have said much less. Alexander emerges as a much less romantic figure than Tarn's portrait. His plans and policies are calculated and realistic. It is significant and salutary that there is no mention of 'the brotherhood of man'. This is a more credible Alexander and closer to the best sources than most, but perhaps a little too rational.

Only those who know the texts nearly as well as Dr. Hammond will realize how much original thinking lies behind this book. There is, however, a price to pay for this close following of the sources. The Greekless reader will find the text extremely crowded and would have welcomed more opportunities to relax and look around. The student, on the other hand, needs more guidance. Dr. Hammond is often deliberately out of step with the main trend of current opinion. Some of his views he has developed in periodicals to which reference is given; brief notes should have been added to other controversial issues.

By happy coincidence or shrewd calculation

Dr. Hammond's *History* is closely followed by a good anthology of the Greek historians themselves in translation. The editor, M. I. Finley, has confined himself to Herodotus, Thucydides, Xenophon, and Polybius, and has wisely preferred a few long passages from each author to clusters of the best-known extracts. His brief introduction is well designed and his judgment on Thucydides particularly stimulating. Here is some of Dr. Hammond's raw material for the Greekless reader in a convenient form.

RUSSELL MEIGGS

Delinquency and Parental Pathology

By Robert G. Andry. Methuen. 21s.

No one can predict with any confidence that any particular child will break the law. All the psychologist can do is to discover circumstances which are likely to make the incorporation of the official standards of behaviour difficult. It is agreed that a central part in this is played by the family, and of recent years, partly under the influence of the work of Dr. Bowlby, research has concentrated on the relation between the child and its mother. 'Maternal deprivation' and 'maternal rejection' have been regarded in some quarters as almost fatal. Very few investigators have paid much attention to 'Dad'. In view of the theory that the boy is expected to 'identify' himself with his father, this neglect is rather odd, and Dr. Andry, in the research described in this book, has attempted to put 'Dad' into the picture. He is not suggesting for one moment that 'maternal rejection' is unimportant; he simply urges that both parents play a significant role in the social education of their children.

The subjects of the research were 80 recidivist boys between the ages of 11 and 15 at a remand home and 80 boys from two neighbouring secondary modern schools who had not yet been brought before the courts. To these he gave a questionnaire, and he used the same battery of questions on the parents of 30 of his subjects in both groups. The questions were concerned with such topics as: which parent seemed the more loving, which entered into the boy's interests, to which would the boy go for advice, which administered punishment and so on, together with some questions on attitude towards punishment, extent of truancy, and age when thieving began. The picture that emerges is that on the whole the delinquent boy felt that his mother, rather than his father loved him most, while the non-delinquents made no such distinction, and when it came to the expression of affection, both the delinquents and their parents were more embarrassed than were those with whom they were compared. 'Dad' entered into the lives of the delinquents, so far as hobbies and taking them out were concerned, far less than was the case with the controls. He was, in fact, a shadowy figure to whom the delinquents would not dream of going for advice, and they resented it bitterly when he punished them. All this is in accordance with Dr. Andry's hypothesis and he may be said to have established the significance of paternal inadequacy as a criminogenic risk.

We are left, however, with a puzzle. When the boys were asked how old they were when they started taking things that did not belong to them, only 26 of the 80 non-delinquents denied ever having done such a thing. It was also found that the non-delinquents usually smiled

cheerfully when relating their stealing episodes whereas delinquents were tense when discussing such details'. Not quite what one would expect of boys whose 'super-egos' are supposed to be defective.

The research is set out formally, with tables, chi-squared measures of significance and all. This has an advantage for anyone who intends, as Dr. Andry hopes someone will, to repeat the investigation on a larger scale. It is, however, a pity that in some cases we are told in the text that certain factors do not significantly differentiate between the two groups, while the tables referred to are marked 'significant'. Sentences beginning: 'It is hypothesized that . . .', do not make for happy reading, nor does the excessive number of mis-prints. However, repellent though the style may be, Dr. Andry has written a book of some importance for criminologists.

W. J. H. SPROTT

Birds of the British Islands. Volume 8.

By D. A. Bannerman.

Oliver and Boyd. £3 3s.

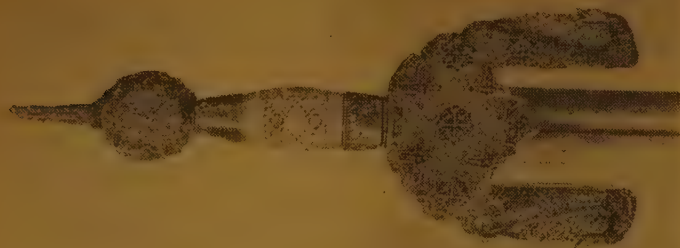
It is a great pleasure to welcome another volume of Dr. Bannerman's magnificent work. Like the volumes that have already appeared, volume 8 is much more than a reference book. Although it is packed with facts and in effect tells everything that is known about the natural history of each species, the author refuses to be hustled and is not afraid of taking the space necessary to make the account of each bird a fully rounded essay. A full use of subheadings enables the hurried seeker for information to find what he wants without delay, but those with more leisure can settle to enjoy to the full these charming and informative chapters.

In this volume Dr. Bannerman treats of the cormorants and the gannet, the petrels and albatrosses, the grebes and divers, the pigeons and doves, and the sand-grouse. Many of these are oceanic birds which are rare visitors to our shores, and the author has enriched his book by casting his net more widely than before to obtain contributions from people who have first-hand knowledge of them in their distant centres of abundance. He has in addition secured expert articles from those who have made a special study of some of the British breeding species. To this he adds the results of his own special studies, particularly his pioneering explorations in search of the breeding stations of little-known petrels in the more remote and inaccessible of the Canary Islands in the days before motor cars had replaced camels for transport or comfortable *paradors* primitive *fondas* for lodging.

To one whose destiny has taken him to some of the far off places where oceanic birds assemble in almost incredible numbers this volume is particularly fascinating, and the reviewer's pleasure in reading it is surely no less than the author's in writing it. The book is lavishly illustrated with beautiful colour-plates from paintings by the late G. E. Lodge, and most of them are superb. If it is permitted to criticize one of our greatest bird-artists of the past hundred years, I would say that he has made some of the *Tubinares* too 'feathery'. The individual feathers of his favourite group, the birds of prey, do stand out separately, but the fulmar and the black-browed albatross especially are, as I remember them in life, much sleeker than he has portrayed them.

L. HARRISON MATTHEWS

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Half-armour of King Philip I of Castile (1478-1506) probably made in Brussels by an Italian armourer

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CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

The Wind of Change

UNLIKE JOVE'S PLANET of which Browning wrote, almost nobody at the moment is 'silent over Africa'. It was therefore with particularly happy foresight that Mr. Denis Mitchell must have many months ago decided to make, and the B.B.C. decided to commission, the series of 'The Wind of Change' documentaries shown on Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday (April 10-12). Nor was the result less happy than the intention. It has been my fortunate task to view and review a quite large number of documentaries on this page over the past nine months; putting aside a few purely imaginative and impressionist pieces, 'documentary' only by courtesy of inclusion, no 'straight' programmes—designed, that is to say, primarily for instruction and the conveyances of facts—have seemed to me to touch these, either for quality of camera work, sound-track and editing or, above all, for the total impact and memorability of all these elements working together.

The first thing that struck one, perhaps, was the degree of intelligence imputed to the viewer, and thus, inferentially, displayed by the producer. Documentaries, in general, cannot resist the temptation to tell us with awful explicitness what we really must know already—or, if we do not, we are surely so far below the educational norm that we are scarcely worth addressing. (Thus 'Scotland Yard' began by explaining to us that that building is the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police). And having laid out the coldly uninteresting corpses of the facts, in all their necessary inadequacy, they proceeded to draw morals which are at best disgustingly obvious, at worst clearly wrong. Mr. Mitchell not merely avoided these temptations, he steered a neat course between a peculiarly wrecking Scylla and Charybdis that lie across the sea-gate of African problems. I mean the two sorts of wrong answers that are given to these questions: the answers of those who live too close, and are fathered by partisanship and fear; and the answers of those who live too far, and are fathered by ignorance and self-righteousness—which, like at least one brand of

popular cigar, may give pleasure to the man at the sucking end but is sheer hell for the rest of us.

The Sunday programme, for instance, 'Main Street, Africa', dealt principally with the question of *apartheid*. No subject more evokes the easy complacency with which we regard the sins that history and geography have not placed ourselves in a position to commit. But even here Mr. Mitchell came out with no explicit condemnations. He gave a number of assorted Afrikaners the scope to put forward the best case for it that they could; and if they condemned themselves out of their own mouths, then how much more effective was that than any condemnation from the mouths of others! All in all the effect of these quite admirable programmes was to present the tremendous complexity of the problems involved, complexity that allows of no rule-of-thumb solutions, and to present it in



Robin Day (left) interviewing a South African in 'Panorama'

terms of great visual and aural beauty: and when they were over, and the set switched off, then the discussion of the facts and implications could begin, and viewers could work towards their own answers rather than digest glib dishes bolted from a plate, which is as it should be. The series should be repeated at the earliest opportunity.

Of other offerings 'Scotland Yard' (April 12), already referred to, was dull and worthy. It is



A little African girl who earns sixpence a day looking after turkeys, seen in 'A View From the Farm' the second programme in 'The Wind of Change'

perhaps not too unkind to say that had feared that a programme about 'flatfeet' might be pedestrian. However this was only the first of a long series that may warm up later. 'Black Spots' (April 13) can only be called bad, but not as bad. The intentions were only too good to investigate the complex of causes that finally added up to a child's death on the roads—a loose dog, a careless parent, a man too old to cycle, a slightly inebriated driver; but that made it more painful. The attempts at characterization were pitiful, the acting worse, and the final orgy of hysterical self-incrimination might have gone down at the Kremlin but not at the Crystal Palace. The disadvantages of explicitness (except in the hands of a master) could hardly have been illustrated better. Let us hope at any rate that it served some social purpose, for it served no other.

'Panorama' (Monday, April 11) showed its usual vigorous self but, measured against 'The Wind of Change', Robin Day's first report from Africa, good as it was of its kind, revealed the necessary superficiality of reportage: Day could gather opinions but not, as he could not, have the knowledge to assess their sources. Uncertainty of the Easter posts makes it necessary for me to postpone comment on 'The Vow' (Friday) until next week.

HILARY CORK



Two scenes from the dramatized documentary 'Scotland Yard': the Information Room and, right, taking finger prints

John Cura

DRAMA

A Noble Pic

FOR LEADER WRITERS and programme organizers April is indeed the cruellest month. Each year raises the problem of what to do about Easter, the one event in the Christian calendar that demands prominent and exclusively religious treatment. Denied the help of Mammie who makes Christmas go with such swinging, the planners have to choose between boring the public with displays of routine piety or exciting their indignation by tampering with tradition.

Last year the drama department invited a second penalty by presenting Paul Almond

The Hill, a Canadian version of the Passion in the mongrel style of biblical modernization. ('You boys must be hungry. Supper is at the ninth hour', etc.) This unhappy experiment has not been repeated; it is pleasant to report that for one year at least the department has found a way of combining dramatic expressiveness, technical novelty, and devotional propriety.

The True Mystery of the Passion (April 14) was adapted by James Kirkup from a medieval French text of the brothers Gréban; first presented on radio, the adaptation was given its television production from Bristol Cathedral as a joint enterprise of the West of England and Welsh studios under the direction of Brandon Acton-Bond. Opening to braying fanfares and ceremonious procession, the play delayed some moments before surprising one with its informal idiom, high solemnity being swept aside by a curly carpenter (George Woodbridge) who breezily identifies his fellow villagers as they pass by attired as Judas, Caiaphas, and Herod. The aim, in other words, was to re-create a medieval performance in its entirety, including the audience, and presenting an action on three levels—that of the village community, that of amateur acting, and that of the Passion itself.

One advantage of this approach is obvious. By providing a realist basis the adaptor has made it easy for a modern audience to accept the unrelated idioms—knockabout comedy, Grand Guignol, and austere poetry—that are jumbled together in the old text. Less obvious is the opportunity it gives for interaction between illusion and reality, a chance which the production seized magnificently—the casual atmosphere of a charade gradually contracting into tragic intensity that united the actors and the spectators. Immediately before the crucifixion the carpenter turned to his companion, his voice shaking with anguish: 'They'll be hammering in the nails in a minute—terrible noise that makes'; and when the vast cross was raised into position it broke through the fourth wall, transforming the audience into witnesses at Calvary.

Mr. Kirkup's original dialogue is not equal



'The Last Supper' seen in *The True Mystery of the Passion*: Charles Houston (standing) plays Jesus, with Edward Woodward as Peter (on his right) and Patrick Troughton as Judas (on his left)

to his translation; the carpenter is a stereotype rustic all too busily informing his neighbours of what they surely know already. But I have no other fault to find with this noble piece of writing. The sturdy pantomimic couplets of the soldiers and disciples catch exactly the broken rhythms of Middle English verse; and the scenes of Judas's dialogue with Despair and Christ's dialogue with Mary have a sublime simplicity of expression. Charles Houston, Patrick Troughton, Ewen Solon, and Daphne Heard played with stylized power, impressively augmented by the resonance of the cathedral. What a change from dead studio acoustics.

Good Friday itself saw a revival of André Obey's *Noah*, and the appearance of Margaret Rutherford in a new piece by Frank Baker called *Day After Tomorrow*. Why on earth Obey was presented for children (or Mr. Baker to adults, I might add) remains obscure. The play may open innocently enough with nursery animals gambolling around the ark, and its builder on conversational terms with the Almighty: but it swiftly develops into a bitterly experienced parable on the nature of man. Noah, washed up on Ararat, deserted by his children, and at grips with a bear while his wife howls with manic laughter, is

scarcely a 'Children's Hour' figure. Leo McKern gave him ebullience, passion, and dignity; and Joy Harington's production had uncluttered vigour.

Day After Tomorrow (also on Good Friday) was a dreadful mistake. Concerning a saintly old lady, torn between the ambition of publishing a volume of verses or of financing her niece's unsavoury boy friend, the play exhibited in a pathetic light the type of character who lies supremely within Miss Rutherford's comic range. I do not doubt her abilities as a straight actress; but it is asking for trouble to give serious utterance to lines such as, 'Well, I would like to see Bognor again', or (of money), 'It's such bothering stuff—it couldn't buy a beautiful sky like that'. Or to fling herself distraught across a moonlit room crying, 'Where's my *Merchant of Venice*?'. The comic alter ego is too close.

R. F. Delderfield's *The Queen Came By*, revived on Easter Day, retreated from originality into routine entertainment. The idea of evoking a past epoch by studying its impact on a fragment of society has been applied brilliantly in the plays of Arthur Adamov, and Mr. Delderfield begins promisingly with his Victorian draper's shop of Jubilee Day. But as time goes by, the Queen, the Empire, and the rest of England are displaced by the more urgent matters of Emmie's secret ailment and Kitty's interesting condition. Timothy Bateson gave a superb display of floor-walking gentility, and Thora Hird, as the self-sacrificing Emmie, contrived to keep her head above the syrup.

IRVING WARDLE

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Understated Furies

ANYONE who attempts an original play about the events of the twenty-four hours which ended with the return of Agamemnon deserves at least a mention in despatches for conspicuous bravery. William Alfred, an American writer unknown to me, went out on a long limb with his *Agamemnon* (Third, April 12) and then bounced up and down on it by writing his play in puritanically unpoetic verse. He even refused the help of the Gods except as neurotic motivating forces in the minds of members of the problem families of his story.

Using deliberately drab language and keeping the conduct of his characters reasonably human Mr. Alfred risked falling into bathos and turning a noble myth into a mean anecdote. There were, in fact, moments of clumsy anticlimax, and, on the whole, understatement failed to impress as well as high diction has done.

An exceptionally strong cast was led by Mary Wimbush, Judy Bailey, Malcolm Keen, and Denis Goacher. It was essential that secondary parts should be in good hands because the councillors who deceive or protect doomed royalty were in this play as important as their masters. A very sympathetic performance was given by John Graham as Aegon, adviser and speech-writer to Clytemnestra, who also liked the woman. More plays from William Alfred will be welcome; and he needn't bend the bow of Ulysses again.

R. C. Sherriff's play about the end of the Roman occupation of Britain, *The Long Sunset* (Home, April 11), had an original theme and a couple of promising characters in the Roman settler Julian (Norman Shelley), so plausibly



A scene from *The Queen Came By*, with (left to right) Jane Henderson as Mrs. Peel, Janette Scott as Kitty Tape, Thora Hird as Emmie Slec, and Richard Pearson as George Frisby

like an amiable British colonial, and Arthur (Howard Marion-Crawford), a practical thug with a gift for guerilla warfare. But the pathos about the ineffective last stand of the kindly Roman failed to come off, and there was something half-hearted and sentimental about his conversion to Christianity.

The life story of the Negro child prodigy, *Blind Tom* (Third, April 13) sounded authentic and should appeal to a wider audience. The script by Philip O'Connor was direct about the problems involved in the boy's mixture of exceptional musical talent and low mental capacity; and the temptation to keep the music neatly correct for atmosphere or consistently superior was resisted. We were given some of Tom's imitations of trains and the like as well as his own compositions and feats of memory. I liked the way that the General who had owned him as a slave (William Sylvester) was allowed to be piously tedious and condescending as well as kind. The account of litigation over the possession of the phenomenon was as interesting as the triumphant tours, and the 'eccentricities' and terrors of Tom as child and man were well played by Marjorie Westbury and Peter Woodthorpe. I would have liked to be clear about which pieces of music were Tom's own compositions, but if this had been more heavily pointed the movement of the action would have suffered.

The dramatized version of Nicholas Blake's *A Question of Proof* (Home, April 9) cheered up when the schoolboys were talking about their secret society and when the staff were gossiping about each other's little vices. But the murders and detection sounded pretty silly. The game would be spoilt if there was real blood in any of the characters. But I kept wishing that the common policeman would solve the mystery and put down that well-connected literary amateur. Not a hope, of course. It would have pleased me, too, if the young wife of the headmaster (in love with junior teacher) could have been found guilty. She said she had got married in a fit of absent-mindedness. My resentment of the conventions of a perfectly harmless story pleasantly performed could mean that only the very best detective stories can survive being acted.

Last week *The Navy Lark* went into retirement till the autumn, just as I was developing an addiction for it. This weekly nonsense maintains a very high standard of zany humour—a far more difficult achievement than being earnest once a week. Its subversive high spirits and gang of familiar characters whose catch-phrases are never quite over-worked remind me of *Itma*.

I heard one of the repeated Hancock half-hours for the second time the other day. It was that desperately heart-rending affair about him being visited in hospital by thoughtful friends and there was marvellously timed weather conversation and keen suffering over crisps and winkles. It will be a sad blow to sound radio if the Hancock conspiracy deserts entirely to the other machine.

Clashes between plays on different services continue. J. MacLaren-Ross's *Dream Man* (Light, April 12) bumped *Agamemnon* on the Third. As there are nights which have no new play on any service this seems unnecessary.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD



Patterns of Lives

ONE OF THE MOST important tasks that falls to the B.B.C. is to keep a social conscience: to expose, discuss, and help to correct the weaknesses of the modern welfare state. This week (Home Service, April 11) Mr. Anthony Thwaite produced a programme on 'Homeless Families' that was not

only a neat piece of editing, but a vigorous and touching social document. There are 54,000 families on the L.C.C. housing list, and 1,000 houses to allocate each year. All the possible building sites have, it seems, been used, and sites must now be cleared before houses can be built. Meanwhile, what happens to the homeless families, to these Londoners lost in London, these 'casualties of the welfare state', this 'human litter', as one official regretfully described them? The other evening they told us, in their own words, how it felt to be 'refugees', to experience communal living, divided families, broken marriages and a perpetual sense of insecurity. It was a picture that left one feeling very angry. A blunt, all-too-authentic and warmly commended feature.

'Parents and Children' (Network Three, April 11) showed another facet of the social conscience by asking the pertinent question: 'Is poetry "horrid"?' What sort of poetry will appeal to children, and how should their tastes be encouraged and developed? Mrs. Dally made one or two good points; but we needed a speaker of higher calibre to make them effectively. This is an important subject which deserves more important treatment.

'Patterns of Lives' (Light Programme, April 15) was a big disappointment. This was a special programme made by United Nations for World Refugee Year. Sponsored by Yul Brynner and given pride of place on Good Friday afternoon, a number of celebrities told stories of refugee camps, lamented the almost impossible task of getting refugee visas, and showed, of course, how even the grimmest story might have a happy ending. The most embarrassing moment was when an air-hostess sang 'Happy Birthday to You' to a ten-year-old refugee high over the Atlantic, bound for America. But I have rarely heard such self-conscious do-gooders uttering such saccharine platitudes in such an artificial-sounding programme. Half an hour's recording of refugee camps, the ring of authenticity, might have moved listeners to action.

We certainly heard the ring of truth when, in 'Frankly Speaking' (Home Service, April 15), Gracie Fields traced the pattern of her remarkable life. She told us how, as a child, she had read 'Dickens and all those things' in bed by candlelight 'because I wanted to know'. She told us how her mother's persistence had made her go on the stage ('I didn't realize I was a star'), and how she had never really liked to be 'the big hooray girl'. She gave, in fact, exactly the impression one had hoped for: the impression of some one modest, generous, utterly sincere, endowed with disarming humour and warming vitality. One of the most engaging portraits in a series I collect.

There was no lack of vitality, either, in my final programme, 'The White Road' (Home Service, April 15). This was a three-cornered discussion on the burning question: 'Has Polar exploration lost its zest?' Since the speakers were two explorers and the Director-Secretary of the Royal Geographical Society, the answer was a foregone conclusion. But though we were finally assured that the zest was still there, the conversation suggested otherwise. The days of the Polar hero (so we were told) were over, the role of the individual had been partly lost. Challenge was on the way out, and technical developments made exploration all too easy. And this, in fact, was what the speakers most deplored: the scientist taking over from the explorer, relieving him of adventure and his feeling of self-sufficiency. This was, a virile, spontaneous, eager conversation, but what struck me most was its evident romance: the love of working cheek-by-jowl with the elements, of not knowing what might be found beyond the next col. It was touching to hear that in New Zealand there were to be official 'wilderness areas' where

people could tackle exploring without mod. Columbus and stout Cortez would have pathized.

JOANNA RICHARDS

MUSIC



Holy Week M

HOLY WEEK and Easter provide a perennial excuse (as if any were needed!) for performing a few items from that vast sixteenth-century repertoire that ought to be as familiar to the music public as the painting of the same period is to art lovers. Of the two Holy Week recitals this year the one given by the Renaissance Singers under their director Michael Hooper (Third Programme, April 11) was notable for three of the great set of responsories by Victoria and an exceptional performance of Palestrina's magnificent eight-part setting of the *Stabat Mater*. The use of adult falsettists on the line in this choir sometimes leads to dull chording and rough tone (as it did in the recent broadcast of the Byrd three-part *Missa*) but in this fervent music it had an uneasy plangency.

Programmes of this kind need just as careful presentation as a lieder recital—perhaps more careful, for more people understand Latin than Latin, and in any case the polyphonic texture of much of this music (though not the *Stabat Mater*) obscures the words. Most of the impact of this programme by the Renaissance Singers was due to the atmosphere fully built up in his introductory notes by the most experienced of all musical broadcasters Alec Robertson. When the Ambrosian Singers under Denis Stevens gave a similar programme on Good Friday in the invaluable 'Music Night' series (Home, April 15) they were singing as well as I have ever heard them, yet because of the announcer's necessarily impersonal approach the programme as a whole must have had less meaning to those who were coming to the music for the first time. This was certainly not the fault of the performance, nor yet of the music. Byrd's Lamentations and Palestrina's famous Reproaches, both of them proper to the services of Good Friday, were bound to be immensely impressive to anyone who really knew what they were about, yet it would have been possible to convey more of their devotional liturgical background without any great loss of time. Moreover it was a lapse on the programme that permitted both recitals to contain the same works by Victoria and Anerio when there was nothing in either by such giants as Josquin and Lassus—let alone that English masterpiece of the Passion, Cornish's 'Woefully arrayed'.

Nevertheless the week's presiding genius seems to have been an Englishman—Vaughan Williams—both as composer and in the familiar role of conductor. On Wednesday (Home Service, April 13) we heard a recording of the performance of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* that he directed at the Leith Hill Festival two years ago. His *St. Matthew Passion* developed its own individual character over the years, and this was noticeable in various ways. Such things as the piano obbligato masquerade as a realization of the continuo proved easy to forget about, I found, once the surprise had died away; more disturbing the sudden speeding-up as he (presumably) carried away with enthusiasm in the middle of those monumental choruses that open and close the first part of the work. (I did not hear the second, preferring to turn over to the Third listen to Janos Starker giving the first broadcast performance of Prokofiev's 'cello sonata rather uninteresting piece that was eclipsed by the Bartók Rhapsody that preceded it.)



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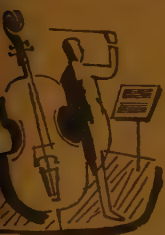
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Yet although this was not a performance of the St. Matthew Passion to which one would want to be restricted, hearing Bach refracted, as it were, through Vaughan Williams's temperament and prejudices and experience threw light on both of them. What was particularly interesting was the contrast with the 'authentic' performance of the St. John Passion in the preceding week. There it had been the narrative that emerged with unforgettable clarity and the arias that hung fire, but here the situation was reversed. This was partly due to the insensitive translation which Vaughan Williams was content to use (Peter Pears's talk, mentioned last week, had sharpened one's ears to its failings) but partly too, I suspect, to some inherent flaw in his creative personality.



Schoenberg and the String Quartet

By HANS KELLER

The first of three programmes of Schoenberg's quartets will be broadcast at 10.5 p.m. on April 27 (Third)

THE HISTORICAL significance of Schoenberg's string quartets has been discussed so often that I propose to give it a rest. Nowadays, every cultured music-lover and musician knows about the finale of the F sharp minor Quartet, a sonata setting for soprano of Stefan George's *Entrückung*, where the 'air from another planet' blows tonality—if not to pieces, at any rate into a far corner of musical space. The only thing which our cultured music-lover does not know is the quartet itself. Likewise, by now everybody (except Schoenberg's own biographer) knows about the 'free' twelve-tone technique of the Third Quartet, with its five-note ostinato at the beginning. (In H. H. Stuckenschmidt's just-published *Arnold Schoenberg*, however, we read that 'in the Third Quartet the method still controlled the invention, while in the Fourth absolute freedom of choice reigns'—a sentence which is absolutely meaningless.) Yet again, nobody seems to know the actual music well enough to notice anything amiss in Erwin Stein's analysis of the work published in front of the score, where in the description of the recapitulation of the first movement, the first subject is called the second, and the second is called the first. (Not Stein's fault, of course, but a double misprint.)

There is, however, another historical point of view, one not so much concerned with the history of style as with the development of creative thought. The string quartet, in particular, tends to be a form of expression mirroring a composer's creative life, his own spiritual history, at its purest and most individual—if, that is, he is right inside the medium. A symphony is written for its prospective audiences; a string quartet, which is the 'chamber symphony' *par excellence*, is written, primarily, for its prospective players. People have often wondered why the string quartet has developed into the highest form of instrumental art. I think one of the reasons is just this—that the composer knows he is addressing himself to the player: he is speaking confidentially, 'between ourselves'; he can say things in the 'chamber' which might be misunderstood in the concert hall.

While he is addressing his colleagues, then, he should, of course, prove himself their colleague, i.e., a chamber musician. It is significant that when Schoenberg was asked to write an introduction to his string quartets, he simply went into his own early history as a—playing and composing—chamber musician, without a word about the actual music he was introducing. He said (in his own English) that in his teens his desire to write string quartets 'did not find satisfaction until I had acquired a friend, Oskar

How else can one explain the fact that although Vaughan Williams was concerned to bring out the dramatic aspects of Bach's Passions, in this performance they seemed overdrawn and unconvincing? How else can one explain the patent lack of inspiration in long tracts of *The Pilgrim's Progress* (Third Programme, April 10)? In spite of generally excellent singing—the central character was drawn with great understanding by John Noble—and Sir Adrian Boult's magisterial direction, this performance served merely to confirm the public reaction to the original stage production at Covent Garden. It is not simply a matter of poor stage technique. The fault lies much deeper. Vaughan Williams's delineation of evil in this opera (as in a greater work, *Job*) is far less happy

than of good—and without an artistic sympathy with both and impartiality between them how could their opposition be translated into satisfactory musical terms?

Fortunately we were given a chance later in the week to hear the real Vaughan Williams when Boult conducted his Pastoral Symphony in place of a postponed work by the American composer John Vincent. The finale is a failure, but on the strength of the first three movements the *Pastoral* seems to me to rank with Vaughan Williams's finest achievements—not least because in it he is content with the contemplative (and I don't mean ruminative) role for which his genius cast him, and against which he rebelled at his artistic peril.

JEREMY NOBLE

Adler (the later leader of the Adler Quartet), who was to play a great role in my evolution. I am obliged to him for a great many matters he taught me. Not only did he teach me elementary harmony, he also stimulated me in the direction of exercising my ear in order to strengthen my memory pitches'. In fact, until Schoenberg was 'about eighteen years old, [he] had not obtained any other instruction than that which Oskar Adler had given [him]'.

Now it so happens that generations later, when I was a teenager, Oskar Adler became my own best musical friend and teacher, and 'played a great role in my evolution'. As a result, I seem to be in the somewhat terrifying position of being the only person who really knows something about Schoenberg's youth. To take a crude example, Stuckenschmidt writes that 'Schoenberg had been a Catholic in his childhood'—a piece of complete misinformation which has already been taken up with great interest by various writers, without anybody contradicting it. From the outset Adler told me a great deal about Schoenberg's early years, but since as a boy I did not understand Schoenberg's music, I was not particularly interested in his history, and did not listen very attentively. However, at later stages I tried to fill in the gaps in my knowledge, and, from his death-bed, Adler dictated (and sang) to me what one might call a shorter history of Schoenberg's youth. So far as I can see, Adler's story is more accurate even than what there is of Schoenberg's own information. (In the present article I obviously cannot go into the details of my detective work.)

Here are some relevant extracts from Adler's dictation (my translation), combined with previous information from him and from Schoenberg himself:

'In the first place, we [i.e., Schoenberg and he] gathered from my violin teacher, Rosenzweig, that there was such a thing as a string ensemble, and we proceeded to form a string trio composed of two violins and viola'. (But they didn't know of the Dvořák Terzetto then!) For this combination they arranged such pieces of music as they could get hold of, chiefly from vocal scores; and Schoenberg composed a whole series of trios. 'I still remember a particularly interesting Serenade in A major which Schoenberg promptly submitted to the Ladies' Ensemble "Messerschmidt-Grüner" in the Second Coffee House in the Prater'. There is no trace of this work in Rufer's *Das Werk Arnold Schoenbergs* (1959); it must be assumed to be lost. In due course they started to play quartets, with Schoenberg (who until then had played the violin and viola) taking the cello part

—first on a viola furnished with zither strings (Adler's idea), and later on a real cello on which he played the Beethoven C minor the very day he bought the instrument. However, he had an emergency fiddle ready to hand, and when it came to the high F major solo in the first movement's development, he quickly changed instruments and played the theme on the violin.

Schoenberg wrote at least seven quartets before his official first. The last of these, in D major, has recently turned up; I was able to hear the two enormously impressive, full-blooded middle movements (influenced by Brahms, Dvořák, and Smetana) at Norddeutscher Rundfunk, Hamburg, and to confirm the extraordinary precision of Adler's memory.

I hope this miniature history of a born chamber musician's growing pains will give an idea of what I mean by being 'right inside the medium', of the conditions in which the string quartet grows into an esoteric form of expression—by the musician for the musician. Schoenberg may indeed be the only composer who occupied all four positions in the quartet, and his playing, though technically deficient, was, according to Adler, overwhelmingly inspired—whether in the tone-quality of a simple bass, or the phrasing of an accompanimental figure in an inner part. Basically, he remained a chamber musician throughout his life, even in the *Gurrelieder* or *Erwartung*.

I do not wish to imply, of course, that the quartet medium has nothing to offer on the exoteric level, either to the listener or indeed the composer himself. But the fact remains that all the very greatest quartet composers were string players, and that, among the lesser immortals, there is a definable difference between, say, a Mendelssohn, whose string quartets really are string quartets, and a Schumann or Brahms, whose string quartets (pace the substantial thought behind them) really aren't. Schoenberg's string quartets must be understood as a direct continuation of Beethoven's, who had remained 'uncontinued' throughout the romantic age. Together with the late String Trio, they present a story of spiritual development such as one does not readily encounter more than once in a century. So long as we don't play them ourselves in our homes, however, we have to listen twice as hard and ten times as often.

Booking has now been opened for the four concerts to be given in May at the Royal Festival Hall by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Nino Sanzogno. The prospectus is available from B.B.C. Publications, 35 Marylebone High Street, W.1, and from the Festival Hall.

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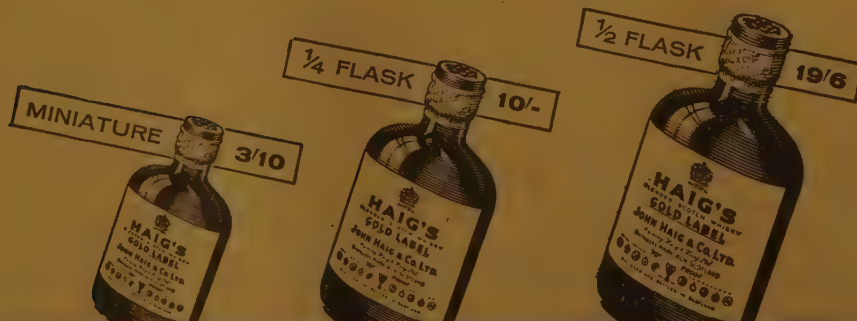
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Inter-University Bridge 'Quiz'—Second Semi-final

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE



IN THE SECOND semi-final of the inter-university 'quiz' Oxford University was represented as before by Mr. J. Rimmer and Mr. M. S. Buckley, while Leeds University had to make a change owing to a degree ceremony: the new pair was Mr. C. P. Flynn and Mr. J. Simpson. The players began by answering five questions all relating to the following hand:

♠ 8 5 3 ♥ 6 5 4 2 ♦ 5 4 ♣ A K J 5

This hand is held by East, vulnerable against non-vulnerable opponents. All the questions arise from a competitive auction:

	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(1)	1H	Double	3H	?
(2)	1H	2D	2H	?
(3)	1C	Double	1S	?
(4)	1C	2S	No	?
(5)	1N.T. (weak)	Double	2S	?

These were the answers adjudged best:

(1) Double, relying on partner (if he stands alone) to lead a trump. Consolation for No Bid. Prospects of defeating Three Hearts are better than of making Four Clubs.

(2) Three Diamonds. Not an obvious bid, but preferable to introducing Three Clubs, which scored a consolation mark. To pass, as all four competitors proposed, shows lack of enterprise in a part-score situation: one must compete on these hands.

(3) One No-trump. Again not obvious, though three of the players found the bid. Partner's double of One Club is likely to include some strength in spades, so East can bid no-trumps at this level without a spade guard.

(4) A raise to Three Spades (best) or Four Spades (consolation) is preferable to bidding no-trumps.

(5) Here, despite the fact that one may be conceding the contract to the weaker hands, it is dangerous to do anything but say No Bid. Consolation was for a rather risky double.

Oxford led by 12 points to 10 at the end of this part of the 'quiz'. The next test was to bid the following hands dealt by West at love all:

WEST	EAST
♠ 8 4	♠ J 9 7 6
♥ A K Q 9 2	♥ J 5
♦ A 4	♦ K Q
♣ A 9 8 4	♣ K 10 7 5 2

Three No-trumps is just best, followed by Four Hearts (9 out of 10) and Five Clubs (3). The Oxford pair bid first:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Rimmer	Mr. Buckley
1H	2C
4D	5C
No	

West's Four Diamonds, intended to show diamond control and fine support for clubs,

was a little exaggerated. Leeds reached the same contract:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Flynn	Mr. Simpson
1H	1S
2C	3C
4H	5C
No	

This was quite good bidding, but the judges thought a more natural auction, playing the Acol system, would be: 1H—2C; 4C—4H; No.

Oxford still led by 2 points, 15 to 13, going into the last question: With the club holding shown above, how to play the trump suit in Six Clubs if there are no side losers?

One player on each side gave the right answer: lead low towards one of the honours and unless the opponent plays an honour, play a middle card such as the 8 from the other hand. This is completely safe against Q J x x in either defender's hand.

Oxford retained its lead, winning by 20 points to 18.

The Bridge Player's Dictionary by Terence Reese, in which he received assistance from Albert Dormer, has been published by Mayflower, price 21s. It claims to provide a complete course in the game from elementary definitions to the most complicated manoeuvres. Mr. Reese will be playing in the world bridge 'Olympiad' at the end of the month, and Mr. Franklin will be reporting on it. A programme, dealing with the Olympiad, will be given later in Network Three and published in *THE LISTENER*.

The Approach of Burnham's Comet

(concluded from page 704)

theory that comets come from beyond the Solar system, and are captured by the large planets when approaching the Sun, has been found to be untenable. The whole problem is linked with that of the origin of the Solar System itself, and here our knowledge is still deplorably incomplete. According to a theory due to the Dutch astronomer Oort, there may be a 'cloud' of comets at a distance from the Sun of between 10,000 and 150,000 astronomical units, in which case the perturbations of the nearest stars would also have to be taken into account; but promising though this idea may be, positive proof is still lacking.

No account of comets would be complete without some reference to the observational work carried out by amateurs. The professional astronomer is interested in comets, but has—in general—no time to search systematically for them, and most professional discoveries may be regarded as more or less accidental, when a new comet is found upon a photographic plate exposed for some other reason. (This does not apply to some of the periodical comets, whose

positions may be calculated well in advance.) There are some amateurs, in Britain and elsewhere, who spend much time in deliberate comet-hunting scanning the night skies with suitable instruments in the hope of making a discovery. Usually, hundreds of hours of patient sweeping are needed before an unexpected comet comes to light, but the results are well worth while. It will be remembered that during 1959 one of Britain's leading comet-seekers, G. Alcock, of Peterborough, discovered two new comets within a few days. Mrkos' Comet of 1957 was independently found by an English schoolboy, C. Hare, who secured the first observations made in this country.

Nowadays, amateur astronomers have a necessarily restricted field, but they continue to play a vital role in the detection of comets. The tradition goes back to the eighteenth-century French observer Charles Messier, who discovered no less than thirteen comets between 1760 and 1798. It was during these searches that he drew up the catalogue of star-clusters and nebulae for which he is now chiefly remembered.

We cannot tell when a new brilliant comet will make its appearance; the present dearth, which has lasted for half a century, cannot continue indefinitely. Burnham's Comet may be a poor substitute, since it will certainly not become spectacular, and will look more like a piece of dim luminous cotton-wool in the sky. Nevertheless, it will be worth examining, and it will never be seen again. By mid-May it will require a moderate telescope for its detection; powerful instruments will follow it for several months longer, but then it will vanish into the depths of space—and so far as we of the twentieth century are concerned it will never return.—Based on the B.B.C. television programme of April 11.

Refugees 1960, a report in words and drawings by Kaye Webb and Ronald Searle, has just been published by Penguin Books (2s. 6d.). The authors visited a number of camps last year at the invitation of the United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees. All proceeds from the sale of the book (the paper suppliers, printers, and binders having forgone all profit) will go to the World Refugee Year Fund.

Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife



April Chicken

For four people you will need:

- 1 chicken weighing 2½ lb.
- 1 chicken's liver
- 1 slice of streaky bacon
- 2 oz. of butter
- bunch of spring onions
- 1 green pepper
- 2 oz. of button mushrooms
- 1 pineapple ring
- 4 oz. of peeled shrimps
- pinch of chilli powder
- pinch of paprika
- ½ pint of milk
- 2 tomatoes

Boil 1½ pints of water and ½ pint of milk with salt, pepper, and 2 peeled tomatoes. Plunge in the whole chicken and simmer for 30 minutes. Remove the chicken, and dissect the breast and legs at the joints. Put the carcass back into the stock, and keep for making soup. Roughly chop the liver and bacon, and fry together in butter with onions. Add green pepper, mushrooms, and then the chicken. Then add salt, pepper, chilli powder, and paprika to taste. Cover the pan and cook slowly for 15 minutes. Add pineapple and shrimps, and cook for a further 15 minutes. Serve with *rizi bizi* and fresh green salad.

To make the *rizi bizi* you will need:

- 1 cup of cooked rice
- ½ cup of cooked peas

- 1 oz. of butter
- 1 oz. of grated cheese

Heat all together in a small pan, adding salt and pepper to taste.

To make spring vegetable soup, using the chicken carcass, you will need:

- A small bunch of spring onions
- 2 oz. of butter
- small bunch of clean baby carrots
- 3 or 4 small new potatoes
- ½ cup of new garden peas
- ½ gill of cream
- juice of ½ lemon
- salt and pepper
- pinch of curry powder
- pinch of cayenne pepper
- sprinkling of chopped parsley

Dice the vegetables to quarter-inch size, and fry all together in the butter for about 5 minutes. Put into the simmering stock containing the chicken carcass, and cook for 20 minutes. Take out the carcass; add salt, pepper, pinch of curry and cayenne. Remove from the stove, and squeeze in the juice of half a lemon. Stir in ½ gill of cream. Add some finely chopped parsley, and serve.

VICTOR SASSIE
—Television 'Cookery Club'

Good Housekeeping's Cakes and Pastries (The National Magazine Co., Ltd., London, 21s.) demonstrates that innumerable varieties of cakes can be made from basically simple mixtures. The intro-

ductory pages contain notes dealing with ingredients, weighing and measuring, oven management, and the main processes of cake-making. There is a host of recipes, with detailed instructions and helpful step-by-step illustrations.

Notes on Contributors

- A. L. GOODHART, K.B.E. (page 693): Master of University College, Oxford; editor of the *Law Quarterly Review*; Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford, 1931-51; author of *Precedent in English and Continental Law*, *The Government of Great Britain*, *English Law and the Moral Law*, etc.
- MICHAEL MILLGATE (page 701): Assistant Lecturer in English Literature, Leeds University
- QUENTIN BELL (page 705): Head of the Department of Fine Art, Leeds University; formerly Lecturer in Art Education at King's College, Newcastle upon Tyne
- MAGNUS PYKE (page 708): Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh; manager of research station in Scotland; author of *Nothing Like Science, Slaves Unaware?*, etc.
- REV. J. H. JACQUES (page 709): Rector of North Witham in Lincolnshire
- L. D. ETTLINGER (page 716): Durning Lawrence Professor of the History of Art, University College, London University

Crossword No. 1,560.

Wheels Within XII.

By Trochos

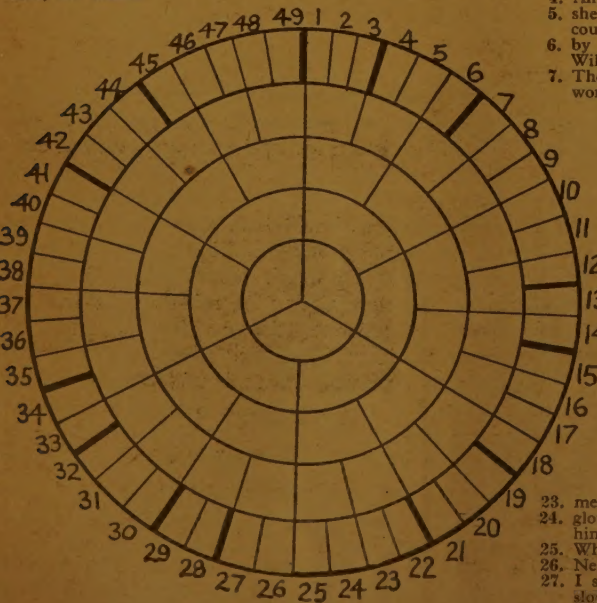
Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, April 28. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes containing them should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

Outer circle (clockwise): quotation from a work of verse. Third circle (anti-clockwise): initial and name of the author (starting under 49). The letters of the second circle make the following relevant 'Chinese' maxim:—GOOD DEEDS CUP IS NE'ER FULL. VI. Clues are from works of verse or the Bible (except 31, from a play). Answers (five letters each) are mixed.

CLUES

1. the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was all of it
2. I never get between the — But I smell the Sussex air
3. Sir Patrick — is the best sailor That ever sail'd the sea
4. Ah, make the most of what we yet may —
5. she tore The letter open with an air which — The court
6. by him —ed on the green His little grandchild Wilhelmine
7. The mariners all 'gan work the —, Where they were wont to do
8. His seat. . . Indignant —s the cottage from the green
9. The Baron now his diamonds — apace
10. Rough Satyrs danc'd, and — with cloven heel
11. She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting —, That tear'd the bowels
12. a mighty man is he, With large and sinewy
13. While —s the Coliseum, Rome shall —
14. 'Mid city —, not, as with thee of yore, Thyrsis
15. did the Countenance Divine — forth upon our clouded hills
16. My head is twice as big as yours, They therefore — must fit
17. Great and mean Meet massed in death, who — what life must borrow
18. they wrapped their feet In a pinky — all folded neat
19. let Hymen oft appear In saffron robe, with — clear
20. Oldfield, with more than — throat endued
21. Vengeance is mine; I will —
22. When I have — that I may cease to be
23. men from memory — The benefits of former days
24. glow'ring round wi' prudent —, Lest bogles catch him unawares
25. When roasted — hiss in the bowl
26. Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our —
27. I shall have some — there, for — comes dropping slow
28. Finds comfort in himself and in his —
29. His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample —
30. Welcome, — North-easter! O'er the German foam
31. we have a chest beneath the hatches, —ed and bithumed ready

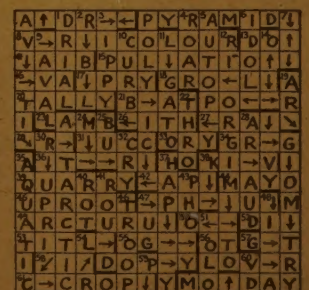


NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

32. Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke —
33. = 32
34. A yell that rent the firmament from all the town —
35. And crabbed use the conscience — In sinners of hundred years
36. Flying, found shelter in the Fortunate Isles, And their —s, their arts and laws
37. But the good deed, through the ages Living in historic —
38. the jingling of the guinea — the hurt that Hon feels
39. notched the poor dry empty thing In —, as he s by the river
40. honey bees had lost their stings, And —s were b with eagles' wings
41. With sobs and tears he sorted out — of the large size
42. The hall door — again, and all the noise is gone
43. build a nest Of whatever material — you best, Ma Quangle Wangle Quee
44. the long convolvulus That coil'd around the stat
45. The song began from Jove Who left his blissful — above
46. Amid whose — half-intermittent burst Huge fragments vaulted
47. in Shelford and those parts Have —ed lips —ed hearts
48. A — disorder in the dress
49. upon those goodly Birds they threw, And all the Wa did —

Solution of No. 1,558



NOTES

The puzzle is No. VII, and the unclued lights are four representatives of groups of seven.

Across: 38. (PRO)K(O)F)EV.

Down: 2. W.S. Sonnets. CREVI. 1.2. 54. L.N.W.I.

60. Volunteer Decoration.

1st prize: Dr. T. O. Hughes (Gorleston-on-Sea)
2nd prize: R. W. Bool (Twickenham); 3rd prize: F. B. Stubbs (Gotham)

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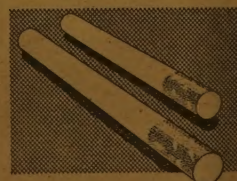
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